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JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, January 8, 1870.

THE NEW YEAR.

THE new year opens with the world outwardly at peace, except in Cuba and Paraguay. At home, the administration of General Grant, which began with such high hopes, is stronger in public confidence than ever. The eager expectations of "a splendid administration" may have been chastened; for to compose the country after a civil tempest, to encourage the return of industry to its proper channels, and to pay the debt, are not precisely a "splendid," although the most necessary policy. Those who anticipated splendor meant probably annexation. It was their hope that Canada and the West Indies would fall under our control. That is, perhaps, still their hope. It would not be surprising if President Grant himself should expect or wish to signalize his administration by an extension of the national domain. Perhaps it has occurred to him that in some honorable way Canada might fall to us out of the *Alabama* complication. Perhaps he has supposed that Spain, no longer suspicious after the release of the gun-boats, might not be unwilling to think of selling Cuba.

But whatever the President's hopes or wishes may be, his character and his conduct equally show that the country has nothing to expect but what is most fair, most reasonable, and most patriotic. After ten months' strictest observation of General Grant in his great office, for which it was alleged that, however good a soldier he might be, he was certainly not fitted, his sturdy honesty, his natural rectitude of feeling, his remarkable sagacity and alert apprehension, have impressed the country with a profound conviction that the public welfare is peculiarly safe in his hands, and he is trusted as President Lincoln was trusted, and as few other Presidents have been. His Cabinet, although not composed of party leaders, is evidently a body of wise counselors; and General Grant would not be where he is if he were not capable of selecting sound advisers and following good counsels. Undoubtedly the general feeling is that the Administration has no other purpose than the public good, and that the character of its members is an earnest of its devotion to that object.

During General Grant's Presidency the Union will be wholly restored, equal rights secured, the debt greatly reduced, taxation diminished, and the foreign questions satisfactorily adjusted. These results are foreshadowed by the experience of this year, and without territorial extension these certainly supply real "splendor" enough to any Administration. Yet to increase the national territory is always a popular policy. Unquestionably Mr. Seward believes that he will be as gratefully remembered for acquiring Alaska as for defending freedom in California and Kansas. But, however inevitable the extension of our limits may be, the addition of a population foreign in race, language, and traditions of every kind is not an unmixed blessing. The consciousness of this fact evidently subdues the popular impulse that demands annexation. Formerly the impulse seemed more positive, for annexation was the political policy of a faction to strengthen slavery. Now, fortunately, it has only its normal play. And, we repeat, if increase of territory is to be added to the trophies of the Grant Administration, it will be in the most honorable and satisfactory manner.

Abroad, there is not only peace between the great states, but there is an especial friendliness toward us. If it is to be explained by the proved power of this country and certain accusing reminiscences elsewhere, let us now at least remember that as a slaveholding republic we did not conciliate other nations, and that we have as carefully avoided sentimentality in international relations as any foreign government. The Christmas sun shines upon the English war steamer bringing respectfully to America the body of a noted American who had made both countries his home; while the best known and most beloved of all our English friends during our struggle is a conspicuous member of the British Government, which modifies at our wish its old doctrine of allegiance. In France Louis Napoleon speaks us fair. Spain sees that we are friendly. Germany also allows expatriation at our request. Austria gives her hand to us in freeing her schools from ecclesiastical control. Russia is our ally, and little Denmark, unwilling to be deceived, waits to see that our plighted faith be fulfilled.

So friendly and full of promise opens the new year. But for us its chief glory is that it dawns not only upon the Union restored, but consecrated to equal liberty and pledged to its defense. If any where in the land—in Texas, in Georgia, in Mississippi—the old tyranny asserts itself to abuse a single friendless citizen, the power of the whole is bound for his protection. Let us make that the American practice as well as the American principle. Let the cabin of the most unfortunate and forlorn of our brethren feel our protecting hand—feel that they are to have an honest chance to rise as men out of the brutishness into which we suffered them to be trampled, and they will indeed feel that the light of a new year shines upon their long night, and that they hear, as the Syrian shepherds heard, the divine gospel: "Peace on earth: good-will to men."

EDWIN M. STANTON.

Since he left the War Department the health of Mr. Stanton has been so uncertain that nobody could have been very much surprised by the news of his death. But there was no patriotic household in the land whose Christmas was not saddened by it, and which did not feel the singular felicity of the President's words in announcing the event—words that should be carved upon Mr. Stanton's tomb. "He was unceasing in his labors; earnest and fearless in the assumption of responsibilities necessary to his country's success; respected by all good men, and feared by wrong-doers." A nobler epitaph for a public man could not be written, nor truer words spoken of Mr. Stanton. So true are they that there was not an honorable American who did not feel that the highest praise of the dead Secretary was the vulgar and futile abuse of the New York *World*, poured out unconsciously upon his corpse. Had Mr. Stanton devoted his great powers and tireless energy to perpetuating slavery and destroying the government, the *World* would have saluted him as a constitutional hero and a Christian gentleman.

Mr. Stanton's services to the country during the war, like Mr. Lincoln's, like Governor Andrew's, like those of all the chief men of that time, are incalculable. It can never be known, indeed, that there were not others who would have been as indomitable and efficient in the most trying and laborious of positions; but it will always be historical that his administration of his office was an inspiration to the whole country, and that every heart was stronger and every hand surer for the consciousness of the unquenchable energy at the centre. The worth of one such intelligent will at such a time is immeasurable. Happily among the most faithful and eminent of the soldiers and civilians of that tremendous hour the country can not divide its gratitude. Its love and respect unite them. What Mr. Lincoln thought of Mr. Stanton is well known. How General Grant trusted and honored him the country has seen. They were worthy of each other, and the latest generation of faithful Americans will associate them in hallowed remembrance.

To the salvation of the Government Mr. Stanton gave every thing: talent, time, health, fortune, and at last life itself. He spared neither himself nor others. Controlling millions of men and enormous sums of money, not a thought nor an act, however peremptory, was sullied with a suspicion of selfishness. In so vast and incessant an activity injustice was inevitable, but it was not culpable. Such men at such times are tested by purity of motive and by beneficence of results. Nor will it ever be forgotten that the man who, in a post like that of Mr. Stanton, is "earnest and fearless in the assumption of responsibilities necessary for his country's success," inevitably outruns a limited sympathy, and appeals to the general reason. He is in too close contact with prejudices and passions of every kind to be invested with the least personal glamour. His immediate career has, therefore, a certain undue austerity of aspect which time will touch tenderly and soften into truth.

Mr. Stanton was greatest upon great occasions. With personal urbanity and magnetism he would have been a great leader of men. In the crucial hour of our history, when the President was assassinated by the spirit that sought to turn this country into a slave-pen, the spirit that jeered at Lincoln as a gorilla, and at Grant as a butcher, and that now spits at Stanton as a bloated blackguard, the Secretary steadied the heart of the people, and showed us all that our Government, when intrusted to such men—and only then—is superior to every adverse shock. Besides the soldiers who died upon the field, the three most illustrious victims of the war are Lincoln, Andrew, and Stanton. They will all rank among the most famous and honored Americans. Andrew, Stanton, Lincoln—the conviction, the will, the benignity of the better America. In their characters we read the prophecy of our career. By their deaths let us be bound even more solemnly to fulfill it.

JONATHAN AND JOHN.

The statement of the American view of the *Alabama* controversy made by Secretary Fish in his September dispatch to Mr. Motley is clear and comprehensive, and of excellent temper. It tells what is certainly an old story in a way which shows that the feeling of the United States is still fresh and warm, and in a way also which will perhaps show our friends in England, more plainly than Mr. Sumner's speech, the exact nature of "the wrong" which is felt in this country. A letter to the *Tribune* from one of the best known and most faithful of our English friends during the war, Mr. Thomas Hughes, written upon the receipt of the President's message, expresses his inability, and that of all our other English friends, to understand what we mean by alleging unfriendliness upon the part of England at the time of the rebellion. He states many of the facts which were mentioned by Mr. Goldwin Smith in his speech at Ithaca last summer, and insists that, although a party in England was unfriendly, we ought not to call their sympathy the English feeling.

The dispatch of Secretary Fish is as good a reply as could be made to this inquiry and wonder of Mr. Hughes. What the people of this country have always felt and still feel is this—that although England may, of course, as a sovereign power, assume a neutral attitude at her pleasure, yet that the circumstances under which she did so, in this case, necessarily implied an unfriendliness toward one of the belligerents which was incompatible with fair neutrality; and that the facts prove that fair neutrality was not observed. To declare the rebels equal belligerents with the United States after a single act of war like that at Fort Sumter—to refuse the least delay of the declaration—to issue it, despite remonstrance, upon the very day of Mr. Adams's arrival, and all this without any necessity whatever, whether measured by the conduct of all other nations under similar circumstances, by the precedents of Great Britain herself, or by right reason—all this was unfriendly, and however technically excused, can not be construed otherwise than as unfriendly.

This action, of course, was an immense encouragement of the rebellion. It raised a domestic insurrection into a civil war, of which England became virtually the maritime base. The destruction of our commerce and of our commercial marine, by a belligerent who had no ships and no ports and no prize courts, is therefore immediately and justly attributable to this eager and unprecedented and, upon its face, unfriendly recognition. Then, in consequence of the unfriendliness which such a recognition implies, we say, and Mr. Hughes says it in terms, England "might have stopped the *Alabama* and didn't." Now if her municipal law was defective, and she had been friendly, Parliament would have amended it. Instead of that, however, a member of the House of Commons exults in the defective law, and Parliament cheers.

The people of the United States certainly did not suppose that Mr. Bright cheered, nor Mr. Cobden, nor Mr. Thomas Hughes, nor Mr. Goldwin Smith, nor Professor Cairnes, of whose masterly book Mr. Hughes makes such just mention. But the official organs of England were the Ministry and Parliament; and the Ministry, in hot haste, had issued the unfriendly proclamation, and Parliament cheered the ravages of the *Alabama*. It was a liberal Ministry. But Lord Palmerston, its chief, was notoriously unfriendly; and Earl Russell, its Foreign Secretary, had publicly prejudged the case against us; while Mr. Gladstone was, at the best, indifferent. Can Mr. Hughes fairly complain that the loyal people of the United States regarded Parliament, the Ministry, the action of the Government, and the general voice of the press as England, rather than the workmen, whose conduct was truly noble, and the few conspicuous men, like himself, whose faith in us did not falter, and all of whom we most gladly recognized? When we say that England was unfriendly, we point to the action of the Government and to the speeches of our English friends at the time denouncing it. When we say that in consequence of England's unfriendliness she was an unfair neutral, we point to the *Alabama*, and say that she might have been stopped, and Mr. Hughes himself says: "No serious statesman or writer has maintained the contrary since the excitement of the war has cooled down."

Now we do not ask for moral damages. We do not ask that England shall apologize for exercising an act of sovereignty. We merely assert that the circumstances attending that exercise are a cardinal consideration in the estimate of her neutrality. And we are sure that any fair Englishman will not deny it. But such an Englishman certainly ought not to say that he does not understand what we mean by asserting that England was unfriendly. If the United States had declared Ireland an equal belligerent with England after Smith O'Brien's rising, would Mr. Hughes have thought it unfriendly? If not, he has a right to be surprised that we consider the English action so. It is very true, as in these columns we have often said, that the war in this country was inevitable, and that there was good reason for a foreigner to doubt the issue. But that is not the kind of consideration upon which neutral action proceeds. That contemplates actual facts, not surmises and probabilities.

Meanwhile, now that this Government thinks the time has come when negotiations may be resumed, we hope that, if England is of the same mind, we shall state frankly what we wish. Lord Clarendon, in writing to Mr. Thornton of Secretary Fish's dispatch, says, with perfect courtesy and with great force, that as the method of settlement proposed by the United States Government through Mr. Reverdy Johnson, which was unreservedly accepted by the English Government, although against a decided public opinion, was subsequently rejected by that of the United States, the former can not make any new proposition nor run the risk of another unsuccessful negotiation until it knows upon what basis the United States would like to treat. This is not unreasonable, but it is unavailing. The correspondence has now reached a point at which the two nations are like the French army at Fontenoy, politely bowing, and entreating the enemy to fire first. The renewed correspondence brings the negotiation no nearer. Mr. Fish virtually says to Lord Clarendon: "If you choose to leave the question open with all its contingencies, we are content." This is, of course, skillful diplomacy; but there is a better, because a friendlier way.

THE DUTY OF THE HOUR.

Mr. Wells, in his very able and elaborate report submitted to Congress, estimates the average adverse balance of indebtedness of the United States to foreign countries at about two hundred and ten millions of dollars per annum. The particulars of this amount are chiefly the following:

Excess of imports over exports........	$78,666,738
Obligations for interest................	80,000,000
Excess of freights in foreign bottoms..	24,000,000
Expenditures of Americans abroad....	25,000,000
	$207,666,738

To meet this annual balance he states that, under the present condition of prices and cost of production in the United States, there remains but one resource, viz.: "to remit certificates of indebtedness—national, State, or corporate." "This process," he adds, "is undoubtedly adopted, and goes on month after month, and year after year, without occasioning, thus far, any marked disturbance in the trade and commerce of the country."

Assuming that these figures are correct, which appears to us to be the case from a careful examination of the report, and the conclusion is inevitable that this ruinous drain must be stopped either voluntarily or compulsorily.

If the people of the United States are willing to continue it, foreign people, when they come to possess themselves of Mr. Wells's estimates, will know that they can encourage such imprudence only at their own peril. In the 4th of December number of the London *Economist*, regarded in financial circles as a high authority, it is stated that speculators in our securities are considered as fully supplied. The process adopted by Mr. Boutwell of purchasing our bonds, and the well-known fact that our revenue from all sources exceeds largely our expenditures, has unquestionably given to the United States securities a high degree of credit, and it will be very difficult to decide when this process will come to an end through foreign instrumentality; but not only the country, but foreigners, will be able to discover from this report that our enormous receipts of internal revenue are collected with serious injury to our whole industry, and that our customs duties are made large through unparalleled extravagance and imprudence.

It is said that if we attempt to restrain our voluntary imports foreign manufacturers will press them upon the country by consignment; but it is well known that since the raid in September large losses have been made upon consigned goods, and the foreigner will now ascertain, from Mr. Wells's showing, that this trade can not be repeated on a large scale except with the certainty of continued loss. We hear with satisfaction that orders for the purchase of foreign manufactures have been placed with more than ordinary prudence, and we look, therefore, for a considerable diminution in our imports.

The Secretary of the Treasury, however, estimates our receipts from customs for the fiscal year ending on the 30th of June, 1871, at very nearly the same rate as for the last fiscal year and for the one now progressing, and instead of attempting to check this ruinous policy of excessive imports, seems disposed to allow it to proceed, in order to further his scheme of ultimately placing a four and a half per cent. loan upon the markets of Europe in lieu of our present securities.

An ambitious banking-house, with branches at Frankfort, Paris, London, San Francisco, and other important money centres, has undoubtedly created the impression that if the Treasury can obtain from Congress the authority to hypothecate bonds drawing that rate of interest, money could be temporarily borrowed upon them to clear the market of the Five-Twenties—these may now be paid off at any time—so that thus we should be in a condition to offer the new loan at some rate under par to capitalists in Europe. The late telegram from Frankfort showing uneasiness among the holders of our six per cents was due probably to discussion promoted by the Frankfort branch of the house in question on this point.

No well-grounded hope of changing the loan can exist until the country has developed its power under other circumstances. We must first reform our currency, stop excessive importations, and establish our whole industry upon a sound and profitable basis. We will then command

the confidence of the world. All intelligent travelers abroad are informed by the leading bankers of London and the Continent that to begin to pay off our bonds while our currency is depreciated is beginning at the wrong end; the opinion is general among them that we should commence with lopping off our excessive issues of paper. When it is considered that our paper-money still stands at about seven hundred millions over and above the three per cent. certificates, and that the latter amount to over forty-nine millions, and now constitute, to the extent of over forty-five millions, the reserve of our national banks, it can not be doubtful that the whole total is monstrously excessive.

In our recent article upon specie payments it will be recollected that we expressed the opinion that, although the Attorney-General, in a recent letter, had stated that it was the duty of the country to return to specie payments, yet it was apparent from the tone of his letter that no steps in that direction had been decided upon by the Treasury. Mr. Boutwell's Report clearly shows that the policy of placing a new loan is expected to precede that event. The time for returning to specie payments is thus indicated in the Report:

"So long as it is necessary to pay for merchandise imported by the transfer of *government bonds* or other evidences of indebtedness to other countries, so long it will be impracticable to resume specie payments. When the products of industry exported shall be equal substantially to the products of other countries imported, there will be no demand for specie for export, except what may arise from the circumstance that our bonds held abroad are sent home, sold in our markets, and the proceeds exported in coin. When the credit of the country shall be fully established in Europe, and there shall be no doubt either of our ability or disposition to meet all our obligations, bonds heretofore and now to a large extent held by merchants and bankers will be transferred to capitalists for permanent investment. When this change shall have taken place, the probability of our securities being sent home under the influence of political or financial disturbances in Europe will be very slight; and when, as a concurring fact, our exports, *exclusive of public securities*, shall be equal to our imports, specie payments may be resumed without even a temporary embarrassment to the business of the country."

The continued sale of gold and purchase of bonds in this market by the Treasury arise from the effort to carry out this scheme, by which the European capitalist is to be astonished with the power of this country. But when he shall learn, as he will from Mr. Wells's showing, that our internal revenues are collected with ruinous effects upon our industry, and that the gold applied to the purchase of the bonds is a contribution derived from our imprudence in imports, and that these and other follies are paid for by an export of our securities, amounting to two hundred and ten millions of dollars per year, payable in gold, the delusion must vanish.

The loss incurred by the people of the United States by pressing down the price of gold without any corresponding reduction of the currency, and with the certainty of its ultimate advance to a price which shall conform to our paper circulation, is immensely larger than the whole amount of nearly eighty millions of dollars by which the public debt has been reduced. The loss falls most heavily upon the producers of grain, as the foreign buyer pays for it in gold, which the seller changes into currency. The loss to the farmer prevents his payments for debts incurred to local merchants, and they in turn fail in their payments to the jobber and importer. Throughout the country goods are marked down in subserviency to the fall in gold, but no expedients can animate trade while the sales of gold continue. The policy is favorable to the foreigner who sells his products now held in excess in Europe, and obtains payment in our securities, and who at the same time buys our grain at prices below those of *ante bellum* times. The planter in the South, enjoying the advantage of a staple not produced in excess, and of a financial situation of greater than usual strength, deals out his crop of cotton with such scantiness, in pursuance of an extensive combination, that his loss is moderate compared with that of Northern agriculturalists; but the expectation is quite general among them, as we learn from discussions in the press, that gold will rise, and thus enable them to dispose with greater advantage of the crops which, it appears, substantial planters are now purchasing. The depression which now prevails in all foreign manufacturing districts abroad may ultimately present a new difficulty which the South should deliberately consider. But we do not propose to discuss the question.

We feel assured from the well-known high character of the Secretary of the Treasury that he has no motive but that of benefiting the country. The time is ample for maturing a plan of Congressional action which will prevent a strong reaction in prices, and a renewal of suffering hereafter when that reaction shall be followed by the depression which must attend a return toward specie payments if that return shall be deferred.

The three per cent. certificates, which are held as a reserve by the banks, constitute the portion of the currency—if currency it can be called—upon which the process of reduction in amount may well be employed. If they were cut off at the rate of two millions a month, without substituting any form of paper in their place, this decision to diminish their quantity would have great effect in preventing the reaction that otherwise is inevitable. If accompanied with the declaration on the part of Congress that the legal tenders after, say five or six years, shall not be tenderable for debts, we should be placed on the road to ultimate safety.

The national banks—relieved as they might be in that case from some portion of taxation—would be induced by these measures to hold on to a part of their receipts from the Government for gold interest; but if this is doubtful, they should be compelled by law to do so to the extent necessary, so that the requisite amount of gold to meet the emergency would certainly accumulate in their coffers.

Contraction such as this would pay the regard which is due to the debtor interest, and would not only save us from the larger portion of the annual debt of $210,000,000 we are now incurring, but would secure what is the most important object now before us—a return to specie payments on the strength of the gradual improvement it would encourage in the condition of the people.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

During the debate upon the Georgia bill a very pertinent question was asked by Mr. Dawes, of Massachusetts—a question which will be more pointedly asked hereafter than it has been hitherto. Mr. Voorhees, a gentleman somewhat associated in the public mind with the State sovereignty doctrines of the rebellion, asked in his speech by what authority the United States directed a State to organize its Legislature in one way or another. Whereupon Mr. Dawes inquired whether the Constitution, in requiring the United States to guarantee a republican form of government, did not require the maintaining such a form. Mr. Voorhees did not give a direct reply, but asked whether unconstitutional acts of a Legislature justified armed interference by the United States. Mr. Dawes replied that it depended upon the character of the acts. They might be such as to require the National Government, with all its functions and capacities, to interfere. Mr. Voorhees thought that the judiciary was the proper resort.

While slavery was the controlling interest of the Government and determined its policy, of course the constitutional clause cited by Mr. Dawes was not quoted. It was too searching and terrible. Nothing but the conviction, which had been inculcated as of the very essence of the Constitution, that a State had supreme power over the subject of slavery within its limits, prevented the political anti-slavery reform beginning and ending with the declaration that the United States were constitutionally bound to put an end to slavery in every State. But it was felt that to do this would be too heroic a method. The country had been drugged with sophistry, and was wholly unprepared. Shall the United States maintain the republican form which they have guaranteed to each State? It was a question which, under the circumstances, was so awful, that nobody dared seriously to ask it. The original Fugitive Slave law was held to be an action of the fathers interpreting the Constitution, and to determine that slavery was recognized as compatible with republican government. Therefore, regarding it as a guarantee of slavery, the Abolitionists rejected the Constitution.

Indeed, the event had more than justified the declaration of Alexander Hamilton in the *Federalist*, that without the guarantee of a republican government usurpation "might rear its crest in each State and trample upon the liberties of the people, while the National Government could legally do nothing more than behold its encroachments with indignation and regret." The guarantee was adopted; but, notwithstanding its necessarily implied power, at the end of seventy years usurpation had deprived nearly half of the States of a republican government, and the national authority, in the hands of the usurpers, favored them with all its force. In that guarantee lay the lawful solution of the slavery question. But it could not be applied. Had it been seriously attempted the war would have begun then.

When the war ended, and the rebel States were to be reorganized, Mr. Sumner, with great propriety and power, claimed that this clause should be the corner-stone of reconstruction. And it was made so. By insisting upon the ratification of the amendments, and upon constitutions recognizing equal rights, the United States guarantee a republican government to each of the reorganized States. If any of those States proceed to overthrow that government the duty of Congress is clear. It is clear in the late rebel States, and no less so in all the others. If the people of New York should change their Constitution so as to make the executive power of the State hereditary in the heirs male of Mr. Peter B. Sweeney forever, and should disfranchise every man with blue eyes in the State, is it the duty of the United States Government merely to behold such "encroachments with indignation and regret," or to maintain the republican government which it has guaranteed? This is a political, not a judicial, question. Yet such an act in New York would not be more an overthrow of republican government than the slave code of every old slave State. If the United States Government, in the case we suppose, would be bound to interfere in New York under the guarantee clause, not less was it bound to interfere ten years ago in Mississippi to establish the republican form which had really never existed there.

The object of the clause is evident. It is to secure the political homogeneity of the Union. And this also is the urgent argument for the Fifteenth Amendment. The power of the United States under the guarantee was not formerly exercised because the party of State sovereignty was supreme in the Government. But with the final interpretation of the Constitution as a bond of national union, not as the treaty of certain independent powers, comes the era of the assertion of the national supervision which is essential to harmony. Mr. Voorhees speaks for the principle and practice that surrendered at Appomattox; Mr. Dawes for those that took possession of the Government with General Grant. The words of the first are the dying echo of the ignoble Union of the past; those of the second the prophecy of the free Union of the future.

NOTES.

The Senate has virtually rejected the nomination of Attorney-General Hoar to the Supreme Bench. The correspondent of the *Times* says, and undoubtedly truly, that the opposition is due to "a sense of the affronts which Senators and Representatives have received at his hands." The correspondent adds, "He has no one to blame for his discomfiture but himself." This means that Mr. Hoar has refused to be a mere party tool. When we heard, soon after his appointment, an authentic story of his reply to a committee, we suspected that there would be consequences. He was waited upon by a representation of party friends, who asked him to remove A. and appoint B. "Gentlemen," he replied, "A. is a perfectly satisfactory officer. When you can show me that he is not, or can find a better man for the place, A. shall be removed." Of course Mr. Hoar knew that a man who considers the public service before party interests is not an agreeable man to party managers, and he is probably not surprised by the result of his nomination. We hope that a judge as able, learned, and upright, a Republican as steadfast upon the profoundest conviction, a man of as spotless and lofty character may be found by the Senate to fill the place of which Judge Hoar is not thought to be a proper incumbent; and meanwhile it will be interesting to see whether a Senate which declines to confirm Mr. Hoar will confirm General Sickles.

Another illustration of the charms of our civil service lately came to our knowledge. A thoroughly trained scientific man, always and by conviction a Republican, was placed at the head of a certain office, of which the assistants must be also men of special knowledge and experience. Upon his appointment he was waited upon by the party committee—that is, by a body of persons with private axes of interest to grind—and asked to appoint as subordinates certain men whom they named. "Certainly, gentlemen, when there are vacancies, I will see what can be done." "But we expect you to make vacancies and put in our men." "That, gentlemen, is impossible. My subordinates are honest, able, and faithful men. I don't know, nor care, what their politics are; nor should I appoint your friends because of their politics; but only for their character and capacity." The next week *his* head dropped into the basket.

It seems that it was the request of our Government that the *Alabama* negotiations should be resumed at Washington. The reasons for the request, however, do not appear in the published correspondence, nor is the assent of the British Government evident. But it may perhaps be assumed that the article in the London *Times* expressing a willingness to yield that point was "inspired." It is difficult, however, to regard such a proposition in any light that does not reflect upon our Minister in England. There is an inevitable impression arising from the transfer of the negotiations that domestic English influences are considered too seductive for American diplomacy. This would not be so, of course, if the career of Mr. Reverdy Johnson had not been just what it was; and it is certainly hard that Mr. Motley should pay the penalty of Mr. Johnson's dinners. On the other hand, the graver view is that it is a subject of mutual interest; and as it could not be satisfactorily settled in England, it is but fair to try to settle it satisfactorily in America.

A volume of the truest scholarship and completeness in its kind is the handsome quarto "Catalogue of the Collection of Engravings bequeathed to Harvard College by Francis Calley Gray: by Louis Thies." (Welch, Bigelow, & Co., Cambridge.) Mr. Gray was a gentleman of extraordinary knowledge and cultivated taste, and with a fortune so large that he could make both directly available to the public. Mr. Thies tells us that he went early and often to Europe, and gradually acquired this noble collection of engravings. They illustrate the history of art in every country and at all periods; and are not only transcripts of beautiful pictures, but are often valuable in themselves for especial merits. The Gray Collection is, therefore, the result of the utmost intelligence and the richest opportunities; and as Mr. Thies, a gentleman of singular accomplishment in similar studies, was familiar with Mr. Gray's wishes and plans, he has prepared, in accordance with Mr. Gray's request, this remarkable Catalogue. It is undoubtedly one of the most thorough and satisfactory works of the kind ever written. It is the result not only of an exhausting study of all existing literature upon the subject, but of the most intelligent and constant personal observation in the European galleries and collections. And as Mr. Thies has very wisely added a list of the works and published collections consulted by him, his Catalogue is an invaluable manual for every student of engraving. The price of a work of such immense labor and trained knowledge is necessarily great, and its appreciating audience must be small. But Mr. Thies may have the satisfaction of knowing that henceforth he will be a recognized authority in his department of æsthetic study, and his book indispensable to every collector and student.

In lately alluding to the State Fair at Macon, to which we were courteously invited as to a great feast of reunion and fraternity, and at which it was hoped that General Grant and General Lee would appear in the renowned attitude of General Couch and Governor Orr—was it?—at the Philadelphia Johnsonian Convention, we said that we could hardly believe that the flag of the United States was not displayed. But it seems that it was not only so, but much worse than so. The officers of the garrison at Macon sent a national flag to the Committee in charge with a request that it be raised. But the Committee—after a zealous debate—resolved not to raise the flag of their country because they did not wish to give the Fair any political significance! What a beautiful compromise it would have been to display the late rebel flag lovingly intertwined with that of the United States! It was surely a comical feast of reunion at which the flag of the Union could not be shown for fear of hurting the feelings of the guests!

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

December 20.—In the Senate a bill was introduced to charter a company for another ocean cable, to be laid between this country and Holland, under concessions granted by the King of Holland. In the House, among the more important bills introduced, was one in reference to the constitutional power of Congress to regulate the tariff of rates of railroad companies the lines of which run through two or more States, also bills to abolish the franking privilege and to regulate labor contracts with immigrants.

December 21.—In the Senate the bill for the suppression of polygamy in Utah was reported favorably from the committee to which it had been referred. A joint resolution was passed indemnifying loyal owners of steamboats and vessels taken by the Government during the war. The claims amount to $398,000. In the House a resolution authorizing the President to make suitable arrangements for the reception of Mr. Peabody's remains was adopted, as was also a resolution to provide cannon for the purpose of casting a bronze statue of General Grant, to be placed on the south terrace of the Treasury.

December 22.—In the Senate Mr. Sumner introduced a new bill for reconstruction in Virginia, which, he gave notice, he should move as a substitute for the one reported from the committee. The House resolution in regard to the late Mr. Peabody was concurred in, and the one in regard to a bronze statue of General Grant was referred. The President transmitted the *Alabama* correspondence, which had been called for by resolution. In the House the session was chiefly occupied by a general debate, in Committee of the Whole, on various subjects. After the committee rose a bill was introduced to amend the Internal Revenue law, repealing the clause allowing street railway companies to add the government tax to the fare of passengers, and gas companies the right to charge the tax to consumers. Both Houses adjourned to January 10.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

On the 21st of December General Babcock, of the President's staff, who has been chief commissioner in the Samana Bay negotiations, returned to Washington from San Domingo, and laid the results of his labors before the President and the Secretary of State. A treaty has been made whereby our Government takes possession of the bay and peninsula of Samana for a period of fifty years, at an annual rental of $150,000 in coin, with the privilege of purchasing at any time for $2,000,000. The negotiations have progressed so far that actual possession has been taken by our Government, and a treaty covering the concession will shortly be transmitted to the Senate.

Advices from San Domingo represent great excitement to have followed the announcement there of the lease of Samana to this country.

Negotiations for the cession of St. Thomas are reported in that island to have been reopened.

The "Red River Rebellion" progresses. The insurgents have captured Fort Garry, near the southern extremity of Lake Winnepeg, with a number of General M'Dougal's agents. The Provisional Government of Rupert's Land and the Northwest Territory have issued a Declaration of Independence, to the effect that the people, having been released from their allegiance to the Hudson Bay Company, have a right to be independent, and that Canada has no right to coerce them as subjects of the Dominion. They hold themselves in readiness to treat with Canada as a free province. Colonel Dennis, who organized the Indians in support of Governor M'Dougal, is said to have disbanded his forces.

FOREIGN NEWS.

It is reported that the British man-of-war *Deer Hound* was recently wrecked while on a voyage from Athens to Malta, and Sir Stafford Northcote, formerly British Secretary of State for India, who was on board, is believed to have perished.

A bill has been drafted, and will be introduced in the British Parliament at the next session, to enable British subjects to divest themselves of national allegiance. This is stated in connection with the question of American naturalization.

The *Monarch*, with the remains of Mr. Peabody, sailed on the 21st for this country.

In the Œcumenical Council the advocates of infallibility are reported to be losing ground.

A Republican Society has been discovered among the soldiers of the Paris garrison, and seventy-four of them have been arrested.

It is reported that General Sickles has submitted to the Spanish Government a project for securing the neutrality of ocean cables, to which scheme the British Government had previously given its approval.

"TOLL YE THE CHURCH-BELL SAD, AND SLOW, AND TREAD SOFTLY AND SPEAK LOW, FOR THE OLD YEAR LIES A-DYING."

ARGUING THE POINT.—[See Page 27.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE TWELFTH. (*Continued.*)

"What's to be done now?" asked Arnold.

In the face of the storm, Anne answered without hesitation, "You must take a carriage, and drive."

"Drive? They told me it was three-and-twenty miles, by railway, from the station to my place—let alone the distance from this inn to the station."

"What does the distance matter? Mr. Brinkworth, you can't possibly stay here!"

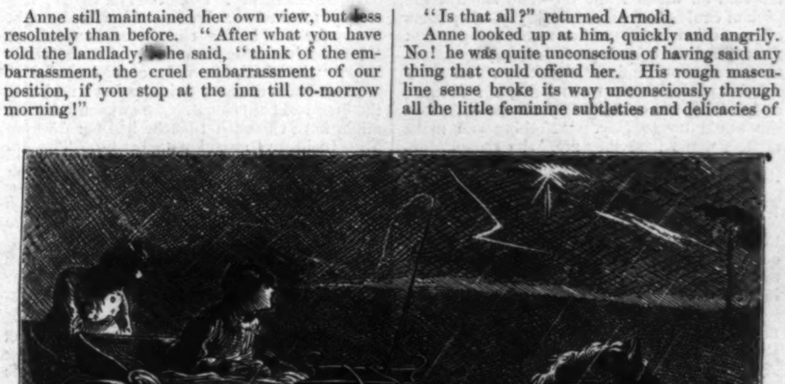
A second flash of lightning crossed the window; the roll of the thunder came nearer. Even Arnold's good temper began to be a little ruffled by Anne's determination to get rid of him. He sat down with the air of a man who had made up his mind not to leave the house.

"Do you hear that?" he asked, as the sound of the thunder died away grandly, and the hard pattering of the rain on the window became audible once more. "If I ordered horses, do you think they would let me have them, in such weather as this? And, if they did, do you suppose the horses could face it on the moor? No, no, Miss Silvester—I am sorry to be in the way; but the train has gone, and the night and the storm have come. I have no choice but to stay here!"

Anne still maintained her own view, but less resolutely than before. "After what you have told the landlady," she said, "think of the embarrassment, the cruel embarrassment of our position, if you stop at the inn till to-morrow morning!"

"Is that all?" returned Arnold.

Anne looked up at him, quickly and angrily. No! he was quite unconscious of having said any thing that could offend her. His rough masculine sense broke its way unconsciously through all the little feminine subtleties and delicacies of his companion, and looked the position practically in the face for what it was worth, and no more. "Where's the embarrassment?" he asked, pointing to the bedroom door. "There's your room, all ready for you. And here's the sofa, in this room, all ready for *me*. If you had seen the places I have slept in at sea—!"



"THE PONY SHOOK HIS DARLING LITTLE HEAD, AND DASHED THROUGH IT."

She interrupted him, without ceremony. The places he had slept in, at sea, were of no earthly importance. The one question to consider, was the place he was to sleep in that night.

"If you must stay," she rejoined, "can't you get a room in some other part of the house?"

But one last mistake in dealing with her, in her present nervous condition, was left to make—and the innocent Arnold made it. "In some other part of the house?" he repeated, jestingly. "The landlady would be scandalized. Mr. Bishopriggs would never allow it!"

She rose, and stamped her foot impatiently on the floor. "Don't joke!" she exclaimed. "This is no laughing matter." She paced the room excitedly. "I don't like it! I don't like it!"

Arnold looked after her, with a stare of boyish wonder.

"What puts you out so?" he asked. "Is it the storm?"

She threw herself on the sofa again. "Yes," she said, shortly. "It's the storm."

Arnold's inexhaustible good-nature was at once roused to activity again.

"Shall we have the candles," he suggested, "and shut the weather out?" She turned irritably on the sofa, without replying. "I'll promise to go away the first thing in the morning!" he went on. "Do try and take it easy—and don't be angry with me. Come! come! you wouldn't turn a dog out, Miss Silvester, on such a night as this!"

He was irresistible. The most sensitive woman breathing could not have accused him of

failing toward her in any single essential of consideration and respect. He wanted tact, poor fellow—but who could expect him to have learned that always superficial (and sometimes dangerous) accomplishment, in the life he had led at sea? At the sight of his honest, pleading face, Anne recovered possession of her gentler and sweeter self. She made her excuses for her irritability with a grace that enchanted him. "We'll have a pleasant evening of it yet!" cried Arnold, in his hearty way—and rang the bell.

The bell was hung outside the door of that Patmos in the wilderness—otherwise known as the head-waiter's pantry. Mr. Bishopriggs (employing his brief leisure in the seclusion of his own apartment) had just mixed a glass of the hot and comforting liquor called "toddy" in the language of North Britain, and was just lifting it to his lips, when the summons from Arnold invited him to leave his grog.

"Haud yer screechin' tongue!" cried Mr. Bishopriggs, addressing the bell through the door. "Ye're waur than a woman when ye aince begin!"

The bell—like the woman—went on again. Mr. Bishopriggs, equally pertinacious, went on with his toddy.

"Ay! ay! ye may e'en ring yer heart out—but ye won't part a Scotchman from his glass. It's maybe the end of their dinner they'll be wantin'. Sir Paitrick cam' in at the fair beginning of it, and spoilt the collops, like the dour deevil he is!" The bell rang for the third time. "Ay! ay! ring awa'! I doot yon young gentleman's little better than a belly-god—there's a scandalous haste to comfort the carnal part o' him in a' this ringin'! He knows naething o' wine," added Mr. Bishopriggs, on whose mind Arnold's discovery of the watered sherry still dwelt unpleasantly.

The lightning quickened, and lit the sitting-room horribly with its lurid glare; the thunder rolled nearer and nearer over the black gulf of the moor. Arnold had just raised his hand to ring for the fourth time, when the inevitable knock was heard at the door. It was useless to say "come in." The immutable laws of Bishopriggs had decided that a second knock was necessary. Storm or no storm, the second knock came—and then, and not till then, the sage appeared, with the dish of untasted "collops" in his hand.

"Candles!" said Arnold.

Mr. Bishopriggs set the "collops" (in the language of England, minced meat) upon the table, lit the candles on the mantle-piece, faced about, with the fire of recent toddy flaming in his nose, and waited for further orders, before he went back to his second glass. Anne declined to return to the dinner. Arnold ordered Mr. Bishopriggs to close the shutters, and sat down to dine by himself.

"It looks greasy, and smells greasy," he said to Anne, turning over the collops with a spoon. "I won't be ten minutes dining. Will you have some tea?"

Anne declined again.

Arnold tried her once more. "What shall we do to get through the evening?"

"Do what you like," she answered, resignedly.

Arnold's mind was suddenly illuminated by an idea.

"I have got it!" he exclaimed. "We'll kill the time as our cabin-passengers used to kill it at sea." He looked over his shoulder at Mr. Bishopriggs. "Waiter! bring a pack of cards."

"What's that ye're wantin'?" asked Mr. Bishopriggs, doubting the evidence of his own senses.

"A pack of cards," repeated Arnold.

"Cairds?" echoed Mr. Bishopriggs. "A pack o' cairds? The deevil's allegories in the deevil's own colors—red and black! I wunna execute yer order. For yer ain saul's sake, I wunna do it. Ha' ye lived to your time o' life, and are ye no' awakened yet to the awfu' seenfulness o' gamblin' wi' the cairds?"

"Just as you please," returned Arnold. "You will find me awakened—when I go away—to the awful folly of feeing a waiter."

"Does that mean that ye're bent on the cairds?" asked Mr. Bishopriggs, suddenly betraying signs of worldly anxiety in his look and manner.

"Yes—that means I am bent on the cards."

"I tak' up my testimony against 'em—but I'm no' telling ye that I canna lay my hand on 'em if I like. What do they say in my country? 'Him that will to Coupar, maun to Coupar.' And what do they say in your country? 'Needs must when the deevil drives.'" With that excellent reason for turning his back on his own principles, Mr. Bishopriggs shuffled out of the room to fetch the cards.

The dresser-drawer in the pantry contained a choice selection of miscellaneous objects—a pack of cards being among them. In searching for the cards, the wary hand of the head-waiter came in contact with a morsel of crumpled-up paper. He drew it out, and recognized the letter which he had picked up in the sitting-room some hours since.

"Ay! ay! I'll do weel, I trow, to look at this while my mind's runnin' on it," said Mr. Bishopriggs. "The cairds may e'en find their way to the parlor by other hands than mine."

He forthwith sent the cards to Arnold by his second in command, closed the pantry door, and carefully smoothed out the crumpled sheet of paper on which the two letters were written. This done, he trimmed his candle, and began with the letter in ink, which occupied the first three pages of the sheet of note-paper.

It ran thus:

"WINDYGATES HOUSE, *August* 12, 1868.

"GEOFFREY DELAMAYN,—I have waited in the hope that you would ride over from your brother's place, and see me—and I have waited in vain. Your conduct to me is cruelty itself; I will bear it no longer. Consider! in your own interests, consider—before you drive the miserable woman who has trusted you to despair. You have promised me marriage by all that is sacred. I claim your promise. I insist on nothing less than to be what you vowed I should be—what I have waited all this weary time to be—what I *am*, in the sight of Heaven, your wedded wife. Lady Lundie gives a lawn-party here on the 14th. I know you have been asked. I expect you to accept her invitation. If I don't see you, I won't answer for what may happen. My mind is made up to endure this suspense no longer. Oh, Geoffrey, remember the past! Be faithful—be just—to your loving wife,

"ANNE SILVESTER."

Mr. Bishopriggs paused. His commentary on the correspondence, so far, was simple enough. "Hot words (in ink) from the leddy to the gentleman!" He ran his eye over the second letter, on the fourth page of the paper, and added, cynically, "A trifle caulder (in pencil) from the gentleman to the leddy! The way o' the warld, Sirs! From the time o' Adam downwards, the way o' the warld!"

The second letter ran thus:

"DEAR ANNE,—Just called to London to my father. They have telegraphed him in a bad way. Stop where you are, and I will write you. Trust the bearer. Upon my soul, I'll keep my promise. Your loving husband that is to be,

"GEOFFREY DELAMAYN.

"WINDYGATES HOUSE, *Augt.* 14, 4 P.M.

"In a mortal hurry. Train starts at 4.30."

There it ended!

"Who are the pairties in the parlor? Is ane o' them 'Silvester?' and t'other 'Delamayn?'" pondered Mr. Bishopriggs, slowly folding the letter up again in its original form. "Hech, Sirs! what, being intairpreted, may a' this mean?"

He mixed himself a second glass of toddy, as an aid to reflection, and sat sipping the liquor, and twisting and turning the letter in his gouty fingers. It was not easy to see his way to the true connection between the lady and gentleman in the parlor and the two letters now in his own possession. They might be themselves the writers of the letters, or they might be only friends of the writers. Who was to decide?

In the first case, the lady's object would appear to have been as good as gained; for the two had certainly asserted themselves to be man and wife, in his own presence, and in the presence of the landlady. In the second case, the correspondence so carelessly thrown aside might, for all a stranger knew to the contrary, prove to be of some importance in the future. Acting on this latter view, Mr. Bishopriggs—whose past experience as "a bit clerk body," in Sir Patrick's chambers, had made a man of business of him—produced his pen and ink, and indorsed the letter with a brief dated statement of the circumstances under which he had found it. "I'll do weel to keep the Doecument," he thought to himself. "Wha knows but there'll be a reward offered for it ane o' these days? Eh! eh! there may be the warth o' a fi' pun' note in this, to a puir lad like me!"

With that comforting reflection, he drew out a battered tin cash-box from the inner recesses of the drawer, and locked up the stolen correspondence to bide its time.

The storm rose higher and higher as the evening advanced.

In the sitting-room, the state of affairs, perpetually changing, now presented itself under another new aspect.

Arnold had finished his dinner, and had sent it away. He had next drawn a side-table up to the sofa on which Anne lay—had shuffled the pack of cards—and was now using all his powers of persuasion to induce her to try one game at *Ecarté* with him, by way of diverting her attention from the tumult of the storm. In sheer weariness, she gave up contesting the matter; and, raising herself languidly on the sofa, said she would try to play. "Nothing can make matters worse than they are," she thought, despairingly, as Arnold dealt the cards for her. "Nothing can justify my inflicting my own wretchedness on this kind-hearted boy!"

Two worse players never probably sat down to a game. Anne's attention perpetually wandered; and Anne's companion was, in all human probability, the most incapable card-player in Europe.

Anne turned up the trump—the nine of Diamonds. Arnold looked at his hand—and "proposed." Anne declined to change the cards. Arnold announced, with undiminished good-humor, that he saw his way clearly, now, to losing the game, and then played his first card—the Queen of Trumps!

Anne took it with the King, and forgot to declare the King. She played the ten of Trumps.

Arnold unexpectedly discovered the eight of Trumps in his hand. "What a pity!" he said, as he played it. "Hullo! you haven't marked the King! I'll do it for you. That's two—no, three—to you. I said I should lose the game. Couldn't be expected to do any thing (could I?) with such a hand as mine. I've lost every thing, now I've lost my trumps. You to play."

Anne looked at her hand. At the same moment the lightning flashed into the room through the ill-closed shutters; the roar of the thunder burst over the house, and shook it to its foundation. The screaming of some hysterical female tourist, and the barking of a dog, rose shrill from the upper floor of the inn. Anne's nerves could support it no longer. She flung her cards on the table, and sprang to her feet.

"I can play no more," she said. "Forgive me—I am quite unequal to it. My head burns! my heart stifles me!"

She began to pace the room again. Aggravated by the effect of the storm on her nerves, her first vague distrust of the false position into which she and Arnold had allowed themselves to drift had strengthened, by this time, into a downright horror of their situation which was not to be endured. Nothing could justify such a risk as the risk they were now running! They had dined together like married people—and there they were, at that moment, shut in together, and passing the evening like man and wife!

"Oh, Mr. Brinkworth!" she pleaded. "Think—for Blanche's sake, think—is there no way out of this?"

Arnold was quietly collecting the scattered cards.

"Blanche, again?" he said, with the most exasperating composure. "I wonder how she feels, in this storm?"

In Anne's excited state, the reply almost maddened her. She turned from Arnold, and hurried to the door.

"I don't care!" she cried, wildly. "I won't let this deception go on. "I'll do what I ought to have done before. Come what may of it, I'll tell the landlady the truth!"

She had opened the door, and was on the point of stepping into the passage—when she stopped, and started violently. Was it possible, in that dreadful weather, that she had actually heard the sound of carriage wheels on the strip of paved road outside the inn?

Yes! others had heard the sound too. The hobbling figure of Mr. Bishopriggs passed her in the passage, making for the house door. The hard voice of the landlady rang through the inn, ejaculating astonishment in broad Scotch. Anne closed the sitting-room door again, and turned to Arnold—who had risen, in surprise, to his feet.

"Travelers!" she exclaimed. "At this time!"

"And in this weather!" added Arnold.

"*Can* it be Geoffrey?" she asked—going back to the old vain delusion that he might yet feel for her, and return.

Arnold shook his head. "Not Geoffrey. Whoever else it may be—not Geoffrey!"

Mrs. Inchbare suddenly entered the room—with her cap-ribbons flying, her eyes staring, and her bones looking harder than ever.

"Eh, mistress!" she said to Anne. "Wha do ye think has driven here to see ye, from Windygates Hoose, and been owertaken in the storm?"

Anne was speechless. Arnold put the question: "Who is it?"

"Wha is't?" repeated Mrs. Inchbare. "It's joost the bonny young leddy—Miss Blanche hersel'."

An irrepressible cry of horror burst from Anne. The landlady set it down to the lightning, which flashed into the room again at the same moment.

"Eh, mistress! ye'll find Miss Blanche a bit baulder than to skirl at a flash o' lightning, that gait! Here she is, the bonny birdie!" exclaimed Mrs. Inchbare, deferentially backing out into the passage again.

Blanche's voice reached them, calling for Anne.

Anne caught Arnold by the hand and wrung it hard. "Go!" she whispered. The next instant she was at the mantle-piece, and had blown out both the candles.

Another flash of lightning came through the darkness, and showed Blanche's figure standing at the door.

CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

BLANCHE.

MRS. INCHBARE was the first person who acted in the emergency. She called for lights; and sternly rebuked the house-maid, who brought them, for not having closed the house door. "Ye feckless ne'er-do-weel!" cried the landlady; "the wind's blawn the candles oot."

The woman declared (with perfect truth) that the door had been closed. An awkward dispute might have ensued if Blanche had not diverted Mrs. Inchbare's attention to herself. The appearance of the lights disclosed her, wet through, with her arms round Anne's neck. Mrs. Inchbare digressed at once to the pressing question of changing the young lady's clothes, and gave Anne the opportunity of looking round her, unobserved. Arnold had made his escape before the candles had been brought in.

In the mean time Blanche's attention was absorbed in her own dripping skirts.

"Good gracious! I'm absolutely distilling rain from every part of me. And I'm making you, Anne, as wet as I am! Lend me some dry things. You can't? Mrs. Inchbare, what does your experience suggest? Which had I better do? Go to bed while my clothes are being dried? or borrow from your wardrobe—though you *are* a head and shoulders taller than I am?"

Mrs. Inchbare instantly bustled out to fetch the choicest garments that her wardrobe could produce. The moment the door had closed on her Blanche looked round the room in her turn. The rights of affection having been already asserted, the claims of curiosity naturally pressed for satisfaction next.

"Somebody passed me in the dark," she whispered. "Was it your husband? I'm dying to be introduced to him. And, oh my dear! what *is* your married name?"

Anne answered, coldly, "Wait a little. I can't speak about it yet."

"Are you ill?" asked Blanche.

"I am a little nervous."

"Has any thing unpleasant happened between you and my uncle? You have seen him, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Did he give you my message?"

"He gave me your message.—Blanche! you promised him to stay at Windygates. Why, in the name of heaven, did you come here to-night?"

"If you were half as fond of me as I am of you," returned Blanche, "you wouldn't ask that. I tried hard to keep my promise, but I couldn't do it. It was all very well, while my uncle was laying down the law—with Lady Lundie in a rage, and the dogs barking, and the doors banging, and all that. The excitement kept me up. But when my uncle had gone, and the dreadful gray, quiet, rainy evening came, and it had all calmed down again, there was no bearing it. The house—without you—was like a tomb. If I had had Arnold with me I might have done very well. But I was all by myself. Think of that! Not a soul to speak to! There wasn't a horrible thing that could possibly happen to you that I didn't fancy was going to happen. I went into your empty room and looked at your things. *That* settled it, my darling! I rushed down stairs—carried away, positively carried away, by an Impulse beyond human resistance. How could I help it? I ask any reasonable person how could I help it? I ran to the stables and found Jacob. Impulse—all impulse! I said, 'Get the pony-chaise—I must have a drive—I don't care if it rains—you come with me.' All in a breath, and all impulse! Jacob behaved like an angel. He said, 'All right, miss.' I am perfectly certain Jacob would die for me if I asked him. He is drinking hot grog at this moment, to prevent him from catching cold, by my express orders. He had the pony-chaise out in two minutes; and off we went. Lady Lundie, my dear, prostrate in her own room—too much sal volatile. I hate her. The rain got worse. I didn't mind it. Jacob didn't mind it. The pony didn't mind it. They had both caught my impulse—especially the pony. It didn't come on to thunder till some time afterward; and then we were nearer Craig Fernie than Windygates—to say nothing of your being at one place and not at the other. The lightning was quite awful on the moor. If I had had one of the horses, he would have been frightened. The pony shook his darling little head, and dashed through it. He is to have beer. A mash with beer in it—by my express orders. When he has done we'll borrow a lantern, and go into the stable, and kiss him. In the mean time, my dear, here I am—wet through in a thunder-storm, which doesn't in the least matter—and determined to satisfy my own mind about you, which matters a great deal, and must and shall be done before I rest to-night!"

She turned Anne, by main force, as she spoke, toward the light of the candles.

Her tone changed the moment she looked at Anne's face.

"I knew it!" she said. "You would never have kept the most interesting event in your life a secret from *me*—you would never have written me such a cold formal letter as the letter you left in your room—if there had not been something wrong. I said so at the time. I know it now! Why has your husband forced you to leave Windygates at a moment's notice? Why does he slip out of the room in the dark, as if he was afraid of being seen? Anne! Anne! what has come to you? Why do you receive me in this way?"

At that critical moment Mrs. Inchbare reappeared, with the choicest selection of wearing apparel which her wardrobe could furnish. Anne hailed the welcome interruption. She took the candles, and led the way into the bedroom immediately.

"Change your wet clothes first," she said. "We can talk after that."

The bedroom door had hardly been closed a minute before there was a tap at it. Signing to Mrs. Inchbare not to interrupt the services she was rendering to Blanche, Anne passed quickly into the sitting-room, and closed the door behind her. To her infinite relief, she only found herself face to face with the discreet Mr. Bishopriggs.

"What do you want?" she asked.

The eye of Mr. Bishopriggs announced, by a wink, that his mission was of a confidential nature. The hand of Mr. Bishopriggs wavered; the breath of Mr. Bishopriggs exhaled a spirituous fume. He slowly produced a slip of paper, with some lines of writing on it.

"From ye ken who," he explained, jocosely. "A bit love-letter, I trow, from him that's dear to ye. Eh! he's an awfu' reprobate is him that's dear to ye. Miss, in the bedchamber there, will nae doot be the one he's jilted for *you?* I see it all—ye can't blind Me—I ha' been a frail person my ain self, in my time. Hech! he's safe and sound, is the reprobate. I ha' lookit after a' his little creature-comforts—I'm joost a fether to him, as well as a fether to you. Trust Bishopriggs—when puir human nature wants a bit pat on the back, trust Bishopriggs."

While the sage was speaking these comfortable words, Anne was reading the lines traced on the paper. They were signed by Arnold; and they ran thus:

"I am in the smoking-room of the inn. It rests with you to say whether I must stop there. I don't believe Blanche would be jealous. If I knew how to explain my being at the inn without betraying the confidence which you and Geoffrey have placed in me, I wouldn't be away from her another moment. It does grate on me so! At the same time, I don't want to make your position harder than it is. Think of yourself first. I leave it in your hands. You have only to say, Wait, by the bearer—and I shall understand that I am to stay where I am till I hear from you again."

Anne looked up from the message.

"Ask him to wait," she said; "and I will send word to him again."

"Wi' mony loves and kisses," suggested Mr. Bishopriggs, as a necessary supplement to the message. "Eh! it comes as easy as A. B. C. to a man o' my experience. Ye can ha' nae better gae-between than yer puir servant to command, Sawmuel Bishopriggs. I understand ye baith pairfeckly." He laid his forefinger along his flaming nose, and withdrew.

Without allowing herself to hesitate for an instant, Anne opened the bedroom door—with the resolution of relieving Arnold from the new sacrifice imposed on him by owning the truth.

"Is that you?" asked Blanche.

At the sound of her voice, Anne started back guiltily. "I'll be with you in a moment," she answered, and closed the door again between them.

No! it was not to be done. Something in Blanche's trivial question—or something, perhaps, in the sight of Blanche's face—roused the warning instinct in Anne, which silenced her on the very brink of the disclosure. At the last moment, the iron chain of circumstances made itself felt, binding her without mercy to the hateful, the degrading deceit. Could she own the truth, about Geoffrey and herself, to Blanche? and, without owning it, could she explain and justify Arnold's conduct in joining her privately at Craig Fernie? A shameful confession made to an innocent girl; a risk of fatally shaking Arnold's place in Blanche's estimation; a scandal at the inn, in the disgrace of which the others would be involved with herself—this was the price at which she must speak, if she followed her first impulse, and said, in so many words, "Arnold is here."

It was not to be thought of. Cost what it might in present wretchedness—end how it might, if the deception was discovered in the future—Blanche must be kept in ignorance of the truth; Arnold must be kept in hiding until she had gone.

Anne opened the door for the second time, and went in.

The business of the toilet was standing still. Blanche was in confidential communication with Mrs. Inchbare. At the moment when Anne entered the room she was eagerly questioning the landlady about her friend's "invisible husband"—she was just saying, "Do tell me! what is he like?"

The capacity for accurate observation is a capacity so uncommon, and is so seldom associated, even where it does exist, with the equally rare gift of accurately describing the thing or the person observed, that Anne's dread of the consequences if Mrs. Inchbare was allowed time to comply with Blanche's request, was, in all probability, a dread misplaced. Right or wrong, however, the alarm that she felt hurried her into taking measures for dismissing the landlady on the spot. "We mustn't keep you from your occupations any longer," she said to Mrs. Inchbare. "I will give Miss Lundie all the help she needs."

Barred from advancing in one direction, Blanche's curiosity turned back, and tried in another. She boldly addressed herself to Anne.

"I *must* know something about him," she said. "Is he shy before strangers? I heard you whispering with him on the other side of the door. Are you jealous, Anne? Are you afraid I shall fascinate him in this dress?"

Blanche, in Mrs. Inchbare's best gown—an ancient and high-waisted silk garment, of the hue called "bottle-green," pinned up in front, and trailing far behind her—with a short, orange-colored shawl over her shoulders, and a towel tied turban fashion round her head, to dry her wet hair, looked at once the strangest and the prettiest human anomaly that ever was seen. "For heaven's sake," she said, gayly, "don't tell your husband I am in Mrs. Inchbare's clothes! I want to appear suddenly, without a word to warn him of what a figure I am! I should have nothing left to wish for in this world," she added, "if Arnold could only see me now!"

Looking in the glass, she noticed Anne's face reflected behind her, and started at the sight of it.

"What *is* the matter?" she asked. "Your face frightens me."

It was useless to prolong the pain of the inevitable misunderstanding between them. The one course to take was to silence all further inquiries then and there. Strongly as she felt this, Anne's inbred loyalty to Blanche still shrank from deceiving her to her face. "I might write it," she thought. "I can't say it, with Arnold Brinkworth in the same house with her!" Write it? As she reconsidered the word, a sudden idea struck her. She opened the bedroom door, and led the way back into the sitting-room.

"Gone again!" exclaimed Blanche, looking uneasily round the empty room. "Anne! there's something so strange in all this, that I neither can, nor will, put up with your silence any longer. It's not just, it's not kind, to shut me out of your confidence, after we have lived together like sisters all our lives!"

Anne sighed bitterly, and kissed her on the forehead. "You shall know all I *can* tell you—all I *dare* tell you," she said, gently. "Don't reproach me. It hurts me more than you think."

She turned away to the side-table, and came back with a letter in her hand. "Read that," she said, and handed it to Blanche.

Blanche saw her own name, on the address, in the handwriting of Anne.

"What does this mean?" she asked.

"I wrote to you, after Sir Patrick had left me," Anne replied. "I meant you to have received my letter to-morrow, in time to prevent any little imprudence into which your anxiety might hurry you. All that I *can* say to you is said there. Spare me the distress of speaking. Read it, Blanche."

Blanche still held the letter, unopened.

"A letter from you to me! when we are both together, and both alone in the same room! It's worse than formal, Anne! It's as if there was a quarrel between us. Why should it distress you to speak to me?"

Anne's eyes dropped to the ground. She pointed to the letter for the second time.

Blanche broke the seal.

She passed rapidly over the opening sentences, and devoted all her attention to the second paragraph.

"And now, my love, you will expect me to atone for the surprise and distress that I have caused you, by explaining what my situation really is, and by telling you all my plans for the future. Dearest Blanche! don't think me untrue to the affection we bear toward each other—don't think there is any change in my heart toward you—believe only that I am a very unhappy woman, and that I am in a position which forces me, against my own will, to be silent about myself. Silent even to you, the sister of my love—the one person in the world who is dearest to me! A time may come when I shall be able to open my heart to you. Oh, what good it will do me! what a relief it will be! For the present, I must be silent. For the present, we must be parted. God knows what it costs me to write this. I think of the dear old days that are gone; I remember how I promised your mother to be a sister to you, when her kind eyes looked at me, for the last time—*your* mother, who was an angel from heaven to *mine!* All this comes back on me now, and breaks my heart. But it must be! my own Blanche, for the present, it must be! I will write often—I will think of you, my darling, night and day, till a happier future unites us again. God bless *you*, my dear one! And God help *me!*"

Blanche silently crossed the room to the sofa on which Anne was sitting, and stood there for a moment, looking at her. She sat down, and laid her head on Anne's shoulder. Sorrowfully and quietly, she put the letter into her bosom—and took Anne's hand, and kissed it.

"All my questions are answered, dear. I will wait your time."

It was simply, sweetly, generously said.

Anne burst into tears.

* * * * * * *

The rain still fell, but the storm was dying away.

Blanche left the sofa, and, going to the window, opened the shutters to look out at the night. She suddenly came back to Anne.

"I see lights," she said—"the lights of a carriage coming up out of the darkness of the moor. They are sending after me, from Windygates. Go into the bedroom. It's just possible Lady Lundie may have come for me herself."

The ordinary relations of the two toward each other were completely reversed. Anne was like a child in Blanche's hands. She rose, and withdrew.

Left alone, Blanche took the letter out of her bosom, and read it again, in the interval of waiting for the carriage.

The second reading confirmed her in a resolution which she had privately taken, while she had been sitting by Anne on the sofa—a resolution destined to lead to far more serious results in the future than any previsions of hers could anticipate. Sir Patrick was the one person she knew on whose discretion and experience she could implicitly rely. She determined, in Anne's own interests, to take her uncle into her confidence, and to tell him all that had happened at the inn. "I'll first make him forgive me," thought Blanche. "And then I'll see if he thinks as I do, when I tell him about Anne."

The carriage drew up at the door; and Mrs. Inchbare showed in—not Lady Lundie, but Lady Lundie's maid.

The woman's account of what had happened at Windygates was simple enough. Lady Lundie had, as a matter of course, placed the right interpretation on Blanche's abrupt departure in the pony-chaise, and had ordered the carriage, with the firm determination of following her step-daughter herself. But the agitations and anxieties of the day had proved too much for her. She had been seized by one of the attacks of giddiness to which she was always subject after excessive mental irritation; and, eager as she was (on more accounts than one) to go to the inn herself, she had been compelled, in Sir Patrick's absence, to commit the pursuit of Blanche to her own maid, in whose age and good sense she could place every confidence. The woman—seeing the state of the weather—had thoughtfully brought a box with her, containing a change of wearing apparel. In offering it to Blanche, she added, with all due respect, that she had full powers from her mistress to go on, if necessary, to the shooting-cottage, and to place the matter in Sir Patrick's hands. This said, she left it to her young lady to decide for herself, whether she would return to Windygates, under present circumstances, or not.

Blanche took the box from the woman's hands, and joined Anne in the bedroom, to dress herself for the drive home.

"I am going back to a good scolding," she said. "But a scolding is no novelty in my experience of Lady Lundie. I'm not uneasy about that, Anne—I'm uneasy about you. Can I be sure of one thing—do you stay here for the present?"

The worst that could happen at the inn *had* happened. Nothing was to be gained now—and every thing might be lost—by leaving the place at which Geoffrey had promised to write to her. Anne answered that she proposed remaining at the inn for the present.

"You promise to write to me?"

"Yes."

"If there is any thing I can do for you—?"

"There is nothing, my love."

"There may be. If you want to see me, we can meet at Windygates without being discovered. Come at luncheon-time—go round by the shrubbery—and step in at the library window. You know as well as I do there is nobody in the library at that hour. Don't say it's impossible—you don't know what may happen. I shall wait ten minutes every day on the chance of seeing you. That's settled—and it's settled that you write. Before I go, darling, is there any thing else we can think of for the future?"

At those words Anne suddenly shook off the depression that weighed on her. She caught Blanche in her arms; she held Blanche to her bosom with a fierce energy. "Will you always be to me, in the future, what you are now?" she asked, abruptly. "Or is the time coming when you will hate me?" She prevented any reply by a kiss—and pushed Blanche toward the door. "We have had a happy time together in the years that are gone," she said, with a farewell wave of her hand. "Thank God for that! And never mind the rest."

She threw open the bedroom door, and called to the maid, in the sitting-room. "Miss Lundie is waiting for you." Blanche pressed her hand, and left her.

Anne waited a while in the bedroom, listening to the sound made by the departure of the carriage from the inn door. Little by little, the tramp of the horses and the noise of the rolling wheels lessened and lessened. When the last faint sounds were lost in silence she stood for a moment thinking—then, rousing herself on a sudden, hurried into the sitting-room, and rang the bell.

"I shall go mad," she said to herself, "if I stay here alone."

Even Mr. Bishopriggs felt the necessity of being silent when he stood face to face with her on answering the bell.

"I want to speak to him. Send him here instantly."

Mr. Bishopriggs understood her, and withdrew.

Arnold came in.

"Has she gone?" were the first words he said.

"She has gone. She won't suspect you when you see her again. I have told her nothing. Don't ask me for my reasons!"

"I have no wish to ask you."

"Be angry with me, if you like!"

"I have no wish to be angry with you."

He spoke and looked like an altered man. Quietly seating himself at the table, he rested his head on his hand—and so remained silent. Anne was taken completely by surprise. She drew near, and looked at him curiously. Let a woman's mood be what it may, it is certain to feel the influence of any change for which she is unprepared in the manner of a man—when that man interests her. The cause of this is not to be found in the variableness of her humor. It is far more probably to be traced to the noble abnegation of Self, which is one of the grandest—and to the credit of woman be it said—one of the commonest virtues of the sex. Little by little, the sweet feminine charm of Anne's face came softly and sadly back. The inbred nobility of the woman's nature answered the call which the man had unconsciously made on it. She touched Arnold on the shoulder.

"This has been hard on *you*," she said. "And I am to blame for it. Try and forgive me, Mr. Brinkworth. I am sincerely sorry. I wish with all my heart I could comfort you!"

"Thank you, Miss Silvester. It was not a very pleasant feeling, to be hiding from Blanche as if I was afraid of her—and it's set me thinking, I suppose, for the first time in my life. Never mind. It's all over now. Can I do any thing for you?"

"What do you propose doing to-night?"

"What I have proposed doing all along—my duty by Geoffrey. I have promised him to see you through your difficulties here, and to provide for your safety till he comes back. I can only make sure of doing that by keeping up appearances, and staying in the sitting-room to-night. When we next meet it will be under pleasanter circumstances, I hope. I shall always be glad to think that I was of some service to you. In the mean time I shall be most likely away to-morrow morning before you are up."

Anne held out her hand to take leave. Nothing could undo what had been done. The time for warning and remonstrance had passed away.

"You have not befriended an ungrateful woman," she said. "The day may yet come, Mr. Brinkworth, when I shall prove it."

"I hope not, Miss Silvester. Good-by, and good luck!"

She withdrew into her own room. Arnold locked the sitting-room door, and stretched himself on the sofa for the night.

* * * * * * *

The morning was bright, the air was delicious after the storm.

Arnold had gone, as he had promised, before Anne was out of her room. It was understood at the inn that important business had unexpectedly called him south. Mr. Bishopriggs had been presented with a handsome gratuity; and Mrs. Inchbare had been informed that the rooms were taken for a week certain.

In every quarter but one the march of events had now, to all appearance, fallen back into a quiet course. Arnold was on his way to his estate; Blanche was safe at Windygates; Anne's residence at the inn was assured for a week to come. The one present doubt was the doubt which hung over Geoffrey's movements. The one event still involved in darkness turned on the question of life or death waiting for solution in London—otherwise, the question of Lord Holchester's health. Taken by itself, the alternative, either way, was plain enough. If my lord lived—Geoffrey would be free to come back, and marry her privately in Scotland. If my lord died—Geoffrey would be free to send for her, and marry her publicly in London. But could Jeoffrey be relied on?

Anne went out on to the terrace-ground in front of the inn. The cool morning breeze blew steadily. Towering white clouds sailed in grand procession over the heavens, now obscuring, and now revealing the sun. Yellow light and purple shadow chased each other over the broad brown surface of the moor—even as hope and fear chased each other over Anne's mind, brooding on what might come to her with the coming time.

She turned away, weary of questioning the impenetrable future, and went back to the inn.

Crossing the hall she looked at the clock. It was past the hour when the train from Perthshire was due in London. Geoffrey and his brother were, at that moment, on their way to Lord Holchester's house.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

LECTURE ON NATURAL SCIENCE.

LUCIFER matches are generally made of stick. They are not good to eat. If you strike them, they bear it with Christian fortitude, and don't try to hit back. The chief use of lucifer matches is to light candles, and fires, and burn houses down. They are nice toys for children, and have been known to disagree with them when sucked. Butter is made of a good many things. In London, the only ingredient which is seldom known to enter into its composition is cream. The butter of commerce is largely used to grease the wheels of railway carriages—when it agrease with them better than it does with the human beings who eat it.

"AMANTIS RES ADVERSÆ;" OR, "A LOVER'S HARD LUCK."

A Homo ibat one dark night,
Puellas visitare,
And mansit there so very late,
That illum constant care.

Pueri, walking by the house,
Saw caput in fenestrâ,
Et sunt morati for a while,
To see qui erat in there.

Soon, caput turn'd its nasum round,
In visu puerorum;
Agnoscunt there the pedagogue,
Oh! maximum pudorum!

Progressus puer to the door
Cum magnâ quietate,
Et turn'd the key to lock him in,
Maratus erat sate.

Then pedagogus rose to go,
Est feeling hunky dore;
Ille non potest to get out,
The key's outside the fore.

Ascendit sweet-heart nunc the stairs
Cum festinato pede,
Et rous'd puellas from their sleep,
Sed, habent not the door-key.

Then, excitato domino,
By her tumultuous voce,
Insanus currit to the door,
Et obvenit the lady.

"Furentem place!" the master roared,
"Why spoil you thus my somnum?
Exite from the other door,
Si rogues have locked the front one!"

Puella tristis hung her head,
And took her lover's manum,
Et, cito from the other door,
His caput est impulsum.

Cum magno gradu redit home.
Retrorsum nunquam peeping,
Et never ausus est again,
Vexare people's sleeping.

A little boy was washed and dressed one morning, and sent to Sabbath-school, being warned not to pass the small-pox hospital. During the exercises the teacher asked Georgie if he had ever been baptized. Small-pox and vaccination happened to be uppermost in Georgie's mind, and being rather too young to know the difference between baptized and vaccinated, and being ashamed to be thought ignorant, he promptly and somewhat pompously answered: "Yes, Sir; I have been baptized five or six times, but it never took."

An ignorant but conceited fellow got aboard a steamer on Lake Huron. After standing on deck a while among the crowd, and seeing the captain approach, he inquired: "What is the name of this lake?" "The Lake Huron." "Yes, Sir," replied the man. But the captain going no further, the stranger said: "Well, what is the name of the lake?" "The Lake Huron," again answered the captain. "I want to know what lake I'm on—what's its name?" "Well, Sir," said the captain, "the name of the lake you're on is the Lake Huron. Does that satisfy you?" The crowd were now smiling quite audibly, and the man walked on, muttering low to himself: "The lake I'm on, is the lake I'm on. That's a polite captain, indeed."

A Yankee editor says: "The march of civilization is onward—onward—like the slow but intrepid tread of a jackass toward a peck of oats!"

A Parisian beggar meets a gentleman on the street corner.

BEGGAR. "Give me a sou, my dear Sir."

GENTLEMAN. "Will a sou be enough for you?"

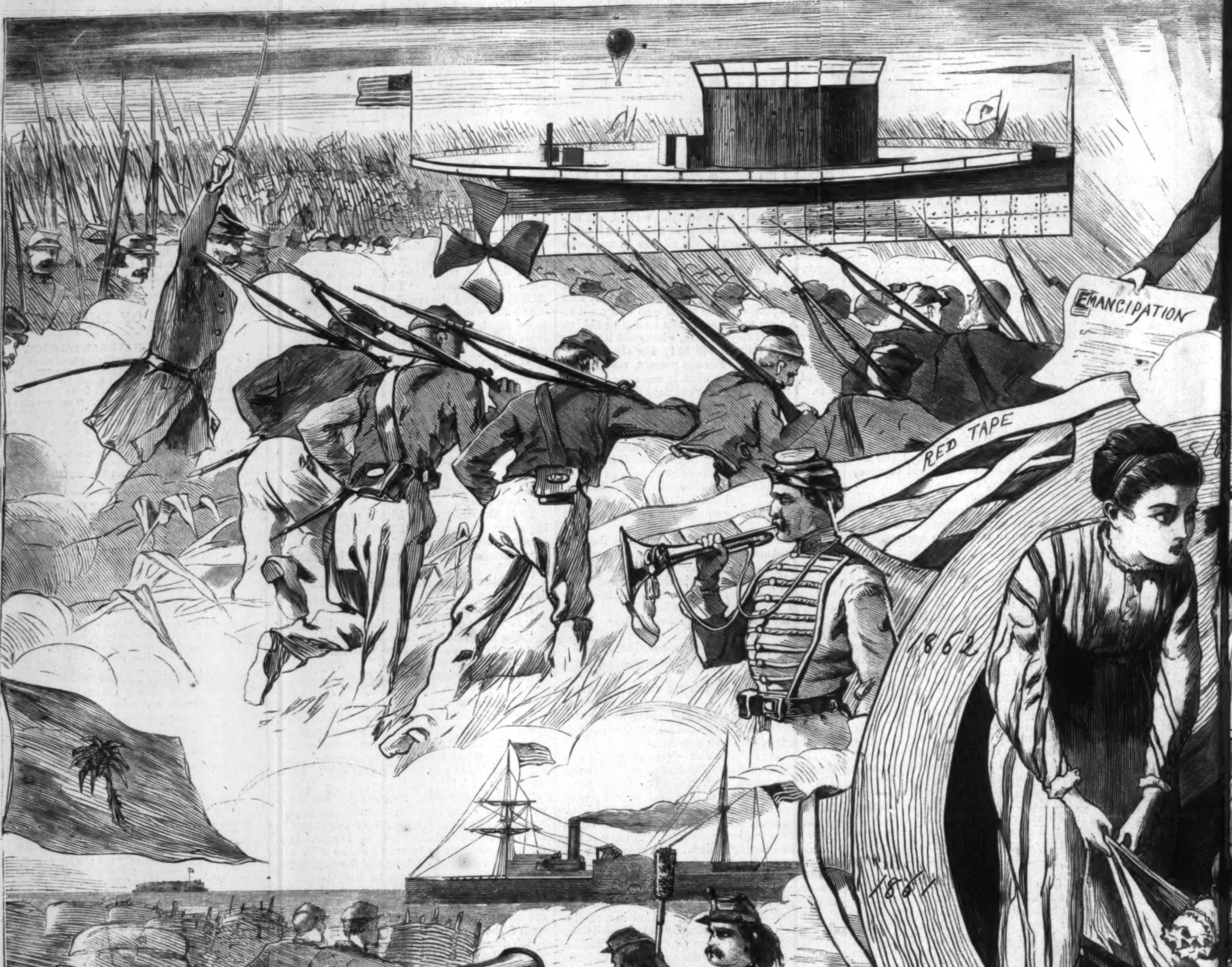
BEGGAR. "Yes, my dear Sir."

GENTLEMAN. "I have no sou, but here is a ten-sou piece. You will owe me nine sous."

BEGGAR. "Thank you, my dear Sir; I shall pray God to preserve your life until the day when I shall give them back to you."

"Is there any thing the matter?" "There is, Sir," was the host's savage reply. "Have I given any offense?" "You have, Sir." "Really I am ignorant of it." "Well, Sir, let me tell you such language won't suit here." "My dear Sir, what language? We were only talking of soup!" "Well, Sir, but you said *ox-tail!*" "Well, suppose I did?" "Why, Sir, it's that very word that sent all the ladies blushing out of the room—it's highly unbecoming language—very improper indeed!" "But, my dear Sir, what would you have me say? I called the soup by its proper name, didn't I?" "No, Sir, you did not; and whenever you have occasion to speak of that particular soup again, never say *Ox-tail soup!* Say *Fly-disperser soup!*—that's the proper word, Sir."

A merchant being unable to live as comfortably as he desired, and at the same time pay his debts, failed several times in business, and made assignments of his property. Finally he died. Among those who had cause to remember him was Mr. B——, who, meeting one of his neighbors, was informed that Uncle C—— was dead—had *paid* the debt of nature. "Is that so?" replied B——; "why didn't he make an assignment?"



RING OUT A SLOWLY DYING CAUSE,
AND ANCIENT FORMS OF PARTY STRIFE;
RING IN THE NOBLER MODES OF LIFE,
WITH SWEETER MANNERS, PURER LAWS.

1860 - 187

RING OUT FALSE PRIDE IN PLACE AND BLOOD,
THE CIVIC SLANDER AND THE SPITE;
RING IN THE LOVE OF TRUTH AND RIGHT,
RING IN THE COMMON LOVE OF GOOD.

[See Page 26.]

1860—1870.

IN the striking cartoon with the above title which we present our readers this week, our artist gives an epitome of American history for the last ten years—a *coup d'œil* embracing the great events of the war for the Union and the period immediately succeeding the close of hostilities in the field. The year 1859 died with the shadow of war on his face. JOHN BROWN's invasion of Virginia had roused the passions of the South; his ill-judged execution had strengthened Northern determination to resist the further encroachments of slavery. Then came Mr. LINCOLN's election, and the fierce agitation that culminated in the firing on the *Star of the West* in Charleston Harbor and the bombardment of Fort Sumter, followed by a war beside whose magnitude all other wars sink into insignificance. Our artist, it will be seen, has aptly suggested the most important features of this great contest: the firing on Fort Sumter; the grand uprising in the North; the fight between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac;* the proclamation of emancipation; the campaign in the Wilderness; SHERMAN's march to the sea; the sinking of the *Alabama;* the capture of Mobile; the death of President LINCOLN; and the surrender of LEE. Following the war is suggested the progress of material and civil reconstruction, the rebuilding of the Southern cities, the construction of work-shops and factories, the education of the freedmen and the multiplication of common schools, and the general obliteration of the traces of civil war all over the land. The wheel of Time, turning on, rolls the years of strife out of sight, and ushers in a new decade that brings peace and prosperity to the nation.

FROST WORK.

THEY are the ghosts of flowers,
The blossoms of fairer hours,
I see on the window pane!
They died in woodland and heather,
But lo! in this wintry weather
Their petals unfold again.

O rare and wonderful flowers,
That bloom in these crystal bowers!
Now their splendors glance and gleam!
Now they glow where the silver sedge
Fringes the rivulet's edge,
And flush in the morning's beam.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book III.

CHAPTER X.

ABSIT OMEN.

VERONICA dismissed the woman and sat down to consider the situation. She was frightened to the bottom of her heart.

Paul coming from the Villa Reale at that hour of the morning, and on that special morning, was alarming. But Paul denying that he had been there, and stating that he had come from an opposite quarter, was more alarming still! She had been watched—overheard; to what extent? How much had Paul seen and listened to? She sat twisting a ring round and round on her finger, and pressing it pitilessly into the tender flesh until a deep red mark grew beneath the gold circlet—she who was usually so sensitive to bodily pain, and shrank from it with such abject dread!

Above the great fear that seemed to fill her being, there flashed now and again a recurrent sentiment of anger; like white foam surging over a dark sea. She was angry with Barletti. Why had he chosen that time to speak to her so unguardedly? True, the appointment to meet him was of her making, but she had never contemplated having a love-scene. She wanted sympathy and service; not a passionate declaration! The passion was good in so far as it lent zeal to the service and fervor to the sympathy. The moment it lifted its voice to plead and demand on its own account, passion was a hindrance and an injury to her. It was inopportune. There might come a moment when it would be welcome. But now—! Who could tell the extent of the ruin that Barletti's rashness might bring upon her? She pushed her hair up from her forehead, thrusting her fingers through and through the rich rippling locks, and rocked from side to side on her chair.

"What shall I do? what shall I do?" she murmured, in a kind of chant over and over again, making her voice rise and fall in a regular monotonous inflection; as though she were trying to lull her terrors to sleep as a nurse lulls a baby, by the mechanical repetition.

The hours went by. All was quiet in the house. Every thing seemed to be going on as usual. It was nearly twelve o'clock when Veronica looked at her watch. She was a little reassured by the calm that reigned—unreasonably reassured, as she told herself; for the storm whose breaking she dreaded was not likely to burst forth in such sort as to startle the whole household.

Presently her maid tapped at the door, which Veronica had fastened on the inside.

"Will miladi please to dress for the déjeuner?" said the woman. She had been scandalized by the fact of her mistress having dressed herself, and chose to ignore the possibility of her appearing at breakfast in a toilet achieved without due professional assistance.

Veronica admitted her.

"I shall not change my dress, Julienne," she said. "But you can throw a wrapper over me and brush my hair. I have a slight headache, and that will soothe me."

In fact, the regular passage of the skillfully-wielded brush through her long hair did soothe her. And under its influence she was enabled to collect herself and to think a little, instead of merely feeling and fearing, as she had done hitherto.

"Is Sir John coming to breakfast?" she asked, after a while.

"No, madame—miladi; I believe not. When Paul took him his chocolate at nine o'clock he said that he was not to be waited for at breakfast. Ah—h—h!"

The woman gave a long sigh, so elaborate, and so evidently meant to attract attention, that Veronica asked, "What is the matter with you, Julienne?"

"With *me*, miladi? Nothing! But with Sir John—ah—h—h!"

It seemed to Veronica that her heart stood still for a moment, and then went on beating again with a great leap that sickened her. As usual she resented the painful sensation, and revenged herself on the maid. Veronica was a perfect conductor of pain. She transmitted it instantly to the nearest recipient.

"Julienne, you are insupportable! How dare you startle me in that manner? What do you mean? Are you crazy?"

"A thousand pardons, miladi, no; I am not crazy. But—"

Veronica saw the woman's face in the glass. It was a little sullen, but through the sullenness pierced an eager, self-important look. She had something to say, and would not allow herself to be balked of saying it by resentment at her mistress's asperity.

"Well? Is Sir John worse? Is any thing the matter? Do you know any thing?"

"Miladi, I know this much: I saw the doctor who has been coming every morning—*every* morning—so quietly slipping in and out, *I* watched him—well, I saw him this morning, but not alone. No, miladi, there was another with him—a consultation, you see! And as they were going away I heard them talking; and though I did not understand every word, I have Italian enough to make out that they thought it a very bad case. And the new doctor said to the old one as they went out, 'I give him a month.' Then the other muttered something, and the new doctor said again, 'Ah, but in this case the constitution is shattered.' And then he said—something else: I don't know what, miladi." Julienne checked herself just in time to avoid repeating to "miladi" sundry criticisms respecting Sir John's temper, manners, and mode of life, which were by no means of a flattering nature.

It did not strike Veronica that the maid's mode of revealing her news, or indeed the fact of her revealing it at all, was a proof that "miladi's" affection for Sir John was not deemed very tender or devoted. Julienne had obviously no fear that she might be dealing a heavy blow to her mistress's heart in repeating the verdict of the physicians. But that consideration did not occur to Veronica.

Her first fear that Paul had watched her, traced her to the Villa Reale, and revealed what he had heard to Sir John, was driven out; but it was only driven out by a second, and a greater apprehension. Sir John was very ill; despaired of; dying! She allowed the maid to coil up her hair, keeping, herself, a dead silence. Her cheeks were very pale. The face that fronted her in the glass was a strangely different face from that which had been used to be mirrored in her old bedroom at home. The rich coloring which had been its most striking charm had faded in a great measure. Under her eyes were dark tints that made their brightness ghastly. The whole face seemed to have fallen. There were even some haggard lines around the mouth. Her youth still asserted itself in the satin texture of her skin, and the rich abundance of her raven hair. She was still beautiful. But she was no longer that embodiment of Hebe-like, gladsome beauty that she had been a year ago.

She stared at her own image with a puckered brow, and pained compression of the lips. "I look old!" she thought. But she said no syllable.

"Dame! She seems quite to take it to heart!" thought the maid, much surprised. "Can she be uneasy about his will? But these great folks are always provided for by the contract of marriage." Mademoiselle Julienne had lived in very "good" families.

After breakfast Veronica went herself to Sir John's apartments to inquire how he was. The answer returned by Paul was, that Sir John found himself tolerably well; and would be glad to speak to miladi, if she would give herself the trouble of coming to his dressing-room in about half an hour. That half hour was a terrible one to Veronica.

Her thoughts seemed to be hurt which way soever she turned them, like a bruised body to which the slightest movement is pain. If he had sent for her to reveal the desperate condition of his health, that would be terrible. But, on the other hand, if that were not the object of this interview—if she were to be accused, reproached, how should she meet it? Resentment and defiance seemed her only resources. Reproach from *him!* That would be too monstrous! And yet the idea of defiance was frightful to her. It would be decisive, irrevocable.

Veronica had a constitutional antipathy to a clearly-marked and unwavering course of action. She loved to leave the outlines of her conduct blurred, so as to have some imaginary margin for escape from the legitimate consequences of her actions. The legitimate consequences of our actions are frequently cruel in their stern logic: and her unhappy, undisciplined nature shrank shuddering from the prospect of sustained endurance.

At the end of the allotted half hour she tapped at the door of Sir John's dressing-room; and the instant her fingers had made the sound she was overcome by an access of terror, and would have turned and run away had not Paul opened the door immediately upon her summons. He ushered her in respectfully; and she found herself seated—she scarcely knew how—on a low chair beside the sofa on which Sir John was reclining.

Their parts seemed to be for the moment reversed, for it was he who said in a tone of anxiety, "Good Heavens, how pale you are! Are you not well?"

He held out his thin, white hand to her, and lightly touched her fingers with his lips as he spoke. The words, and still more the action, caused a sudden revulsion of feeling in her fluttering heart. The blood rushed back to her cheeks and lips. Her eyes grew bright. The tension of the muscles of her face relaxed. He would not have greeted her so, had he suspected. She was safe! What a fool she had been to torment herself as she had done!

She answered sweetly, leaving her hand in his, "I was not well. I had a headache this morning. I went out early to get rid of it. Perhaps Paul told you?"

"Yes: Paul told me."

The tone of the reply startled her. She involuntarily glanced round at Paul, who was arranging his master's dressing-case. Paul looked grave, honest, melancholy, as usual.

"Basta! Go away, Paul, and don't come back till I ring for you," said Sir John, sharply.

Paul obeyed.

When they were alone together, Veronica said:

"I feared you were not so well this morning, so I came to inquire for you myself."

"How considerate you are!" said Sir John, shading his eyes with his hand, and looking at her from beneath that shelter.

It was not unusual with him to adopt a sneering tone, even in his best humors. But the ring of his voice now seemed to Veronica falser than usual. It might be that this was the effect of the fear which had left her nerves sensitive and quivering. At all events she would not display any mistrust of him at this moment.

"*Are* you feeling stronger this morning?" she asked.

"Stronger? Yes. Oh yes, certainly: a good deal stronger. Had you any reason for supposing the contrary?"

For a moment she hesitated in a little embarrassment. Then she answered, "My reason was, as I told you, that you did not come to breakfast."

"Ah yes: true! Of course. But now—tell me—you were out early this morning, you say?"

"Yes."

She began to play with a string of amber beads that hung round her neck, and she shifted her chair a little.

"You are not comfortable," said Sir John, still watching her from beneath his hand.

"The—the light. There is such a glare."

"Ah, the light? Yes: when one has such a headache as yours—or even has had such a headache—the light *is* disagreeable. I am ashamed that you should have the trouble of moving that chair for yourself. But you see what a helpless creature I am—comparatively, that is: for the fact is, I am stronger, really stronger. Your kind anxiety about me does me good. It acts as a cordial."

"Then you do care for my kindness still?" she said, glancing at him, and then letting her eyes fall again immediately.

"Care for it! What else have I to care for, Veronica? It is every thing to me. And it is so precious, so infinitely precious, in itself!"

She knelt down beside him. Her hand was still twisted in the string of amber beads, and she played with them nervously as she spoke.

"And why do you not secure it, this kindness that you value, forever? Why do you not relieve me from the suspense that—I confess it—makes my temper fretful and my spirits dull at times?"

"You do not doubt me, Veronica?"

"No, no. But suspense and procrastination are wearing."

"You do trust me?"

"Yes."

"You trust me as—as I trust you. And you shall find that your confidence will meet with its deserts. Do you know what news I heard yesterday?"

"No. News? News from England?"

"Don't excite yourself. You will make your headache worse."

"Oh, my headache is gone."

"Ay, but it may come back. It is of a kind that may return at any moment."

Still the old sneer in his tone! And something subdued and *lurking* in his whole manner that she could not define to herself, but that made its impression upon her.

"Your news! Did you send for me to tell it to me?"

"Y—yes, partly, mia cara."

"Speak then!" she cried, with a flash of impatient temper that made him smile.

"Well, the news I heard yesterday is, that her Majesty's ship *Furibond* is here at Naples, under the command of my old acquaintance, Captain Reginald Burr."

"Well?" said Veronica, after a moment's pause of expectation.

"He is a very pleasant fellow, very pleasant indeed. I met him years ago at Spezia."

Veronica twisted her fingers more impatiently in the amber necklace, and drew her black brows together. She thought that Sir John had simply introduced this topic to avoid the turn their conversation had been taking, and to break the thread of it.

"What is his pleasantness to me?" she exclaimed, pettishly.

"His pleasantness? Not much. But his presence is a good deal to you."

"How? What do you mean?"

"Veronica, you know what I said just now about our trust in one another. Faith is to be crowned at last. It has not been my fault—as you ought to know—that you have been kept in suspense so long. You have blamed me, but unjustly, as you will find."

She seemed stricken motionless, with her eyes fixed on his face; only the breath came and went quickly between her parted lips.

"I am not well enough to travel to Florence," he continued, watching her eager face with a strange, gloating look. "But, listen, Veronica, mia bella!" He drew her head down to his lips and whispered a short sentence in her ear.

Her face glowed and changed like a scorched, drooping July rose after a summer shower. She sprang to her feet and clasped her hands together. In the sudden gesture of withdrawing her fingers from the necklace the string snapped, and the amber beads rolled scattered hither and thither about the floor.

"You consent?" said Sir John.

"Yes, yes, yes. I—I have wronged you sometimes in my thoughts. Forgive me!" she exclaimed, impulsively, taking his hand in hers and kissing it.

"You will remember that it was this day I conceived the plan. This day. You will keep in your memory the date of the day on which you went out so early to the Villa Reale for your headache."

"I am not likely to need any thing to remind me of to-day."

"No; but there is a good deal in association. Association aids memory so wonderfully. Now, tesoro mio, ring for Paul, and leave me. I am a little tired and overexcited."

"I will not disobey you to-day of all days," she said. Her countenance was radiant, her step elastic. Before she went away she stopped to gather up the amber beads.

"There is some superstition about losing amber you have once worn," she said, smiling. "They say it is unlucky. But I shall prove the fallacy of the notion. My amber necklace broke and fell at a moment of great happiness and good fortune."

"Yes. You will prove the fallacy of the superstition quite triumphantly. Ha! It is curious—*we*, at least, may defy augury."

CHAPTER XI.

HER MAJESTY'S SHIP THE "FURIBOND."

THE Prince Alberto Barletti passed the greater part of his time in Paris. He was a poor man for his rank, and if he could have found some way of increasing his income without risk, he would have been very glad to avail himself of it. But he shrank from the idea of speculation. As to earning money, that was out of the question. And a desirable way of increasing his income without risk or trouble had not yet occurred to him. One day, however, fortune seemed to remember him in a good-natured mood.

A company of English speculators commenced operations in Naples. They were to build and beautify. The first preliminary, of course, was to destroy. Many houses must be pulled down, and their proprietors reimbursed. A good deal of diplomacy was expended on the powers that ruled such matters. People who possessed influence were canvassed diligently.

It chanced that Prince Barletti was, rightly or wrongly, supposed to be one of the influential. But how to obtain his good-will? The English speculators, some of them, would have been a little clumsy in conducting the affair. But they had a clever man in their pay who knew the world. The clever man was Mr. Sidney Frost, of the firm of Lovegrove and Frost, solicitors to the company. Mr. Frost soon learned that Prince Barletti was not rich in proportion to the illustriousness of his rank. In plain words, he might be open to a bribe. But the mode of offering the bribe was all-important. Mr. Frost, in consultation with the architects and surveyors, discovered that it would be very desirable to run a new road right through a palazzo owned by Prince Barletti. No one had thought before that the road could pass within half a mile of the palace. But Mr. Frost's opinion was speedily adopted.

Negotiations were set on foot with the prince. He had hitherto been understood to express himself hostilely toward the whole undertaking of this foreign company of speculators. But Mr. Frost thought it so desirable to persuade his Signoria Illustrissima, and to bring him round, that he started off from Naples after he had been there but a short time, and went to Paris armed with a letter of introduction, and with schemes and plans in which the new road over the site of the Palazzo Barletti was not forgotten. The prince showed himself open to conviction. He became a strong partisan of the English company, and his change of mind was followed by a corresponding change of mind in sundry individuals in Naples. It was a pity, said the prince, to destroy the old house. It had been associated with the family name for several generations. But he understood what was meant by public spirit, and he would not let his private feelings interfere with it.

"This Prince Bah-letty charges a pretty long price for his private feelings!" observed one of the directors of the English company when Mr. Frost laid before them the result of his mission to Paris. But Mr. Frost said he thought that the prince's private feelings were not very dear, considering that he *was* a prince. And he added that he thought they would be found to come cheap in the end.

The arrangement of this affair caused Mr.

Frost to come in contact with the prince's younger brother, Cesare. The latter was charged by the head of the family to watch his interests. Cesare became greatly impressed by the combination in Mr. Frost of business shrewdness with an engaging manner. This was another kind of man from the slow, snuffy, solemn old "legale" Dottore Chiappi, with whom he had transacted business for his brother in Florence. They met, Cesare de' Barletti and Sidney Frost, nearly every morning, either at the company's offices or at Mr. Frost's hotel.

About a week after the memorable day of the interview in the Villa Reale between Veronica and Cesare, the latter was sitting with Mr. Frost in his rooms at Santa Lucia. They were seated near the window; and were vaguely looking out at the blue, sparkling sea, and settling some few last particulars relative to their business. For Mr. Frost was to leave Naples by the steamer for Marseilles, on his way to England, the next day; unless—which he thought unlikely—a telegram should arrive from England to detain him.

"You and the English squadron will depart almost together," said Barletti.

"Ay? The queen's ships are going away?"

"So I hear."

"Have you ever been over an English man-of-war?" asked Mr. Frost.

"No: I don't understand ships. When we were boys we used to go out sometimes from Capri, my brother and I, with an old fisherman. But I never cared about it."

"H'm!" grunted Mr. Frost, eying his companion aside. "*I* don't understand ships either; but a British man-of-war is a fine sight."

And the lawyer broke out into a little national boasting.

"Ah, you like it because you are proud of your fleet. I am not an Englishman, and *I* should not be proud of it, you know," said Barletti, quietly.

"Look there!" exclaimed Mr. Frost, staring out to sea. "Do you see that boat putting off from the squadron? I think, from the direction, she must be coming from the *Furibond;* but without a glass it is impossible to see the ships. How they pull, the blue-jackets! Just watch them. It's artistic. Strength, and the kind of grace that comes from strength skillfully used. See how they bend and rise, and how the oars all flash together. They are pulling for this nearest landing-place."

Mr. Frost craned his head out of the window to watch. Barletti, too, rose and looked out. On came the trim boat manned by trim sailors. She seemed to scud over the sea like a living thing. As she drew near, they could see the dark blue uniform of an officer, who was steering. And they began to make out also two other figures—a man and a woman.

"Visitors to the squadron, whom they're going to put ashore," said Mr. Frost.

The landing-place to which the boat came was at a considerable distance from the hotel. They could not distinguish the features of the persons in the boat. But they saw a carriage which had been driving slowly up and down come to a stop close by. Two servants descended from it, and half supported, half carried the gentleman who had been in the boat into the vehicle. The lady followed, and they drove off. The ship's boat then was pulled back again toward the squadron, and swiftly diminished to a mere speck on the waters.

The carriage, however, passed close beneath the windows of the hotel, and Barletti gave a little exclamation as he recognized Paul seated on the box. The blinds of the carriage were down, and it was impossible to see its occupants; but Barletti had no doubt that they were Sir John Gale and Veronica.

"Tiens!" said Barletti. "I know those people who have just come from the *Furieux—Furibon*—what do you call it?"

Mr. Frost was looking at his watch. "I am sorry to turn you out," he said, "but I have an appointment with some of our directors at half past ten. It is a quarter past ten now. I must be off."

"Nay," replied Barletti, pulling out his own watch. "You are fast, I think. By my watch it is only five minutes past ten."

"Ah, you're wrong, prince. If minutes were as precious with you as they are with me you would regulate your watch better. You reckon your time as rich men reckon their money—in large sums; and know nothing of small subdivisions. But mine is a working watch, a busy man's watch, right to a second. And I set it last night by railway time. Will you go first, or shall I lead the way?"

"Che diavolo!" muttered Barletti, following the lawyer down stairs. "It didn't strike me at first, but now I think how early it is, what in the world could have brought him out at this hour in the morning!"

"Eh?" said Frost, half turning round on the staircase.

"Nothing. I was only wondering why my friends chose such an hour to visit the squadron."

"The gentleman seems to be an invalid."

"Yes, he is ill and regularly used up. I heard from his physician that his doom is fixed. He can't last much longer."

"Ah, indeed!" returned Frost, indifferently. His attention was more occupied in finding the hook in the hall marked twenty-seven, on which to hang the key of his room, than in listening to Barletti.

"He is very rich—one of your English millionaires. Perhaps you know the name—Baronet Sir John Gale."

"Gale! Tallis Gale?"

"Ah, you know him?"

"I know *of* him, and nothing to his credit. I'm sorry if he's your friend; but in England he bears a very bad character."

"Oh, *I* have no special love for him," answered Barletti. "I believe him to be a roué and a vaurien."

"He used that poor wife of his infernally ill."

"Used her ill? The brute! I have suspected it."

"Oh, it's not a matter of suspicion. The story is well known enough. Well, I must be off. I may not see you again, prince. But I suppose our little affair is settled. Good-by!"

"Good-by! You really start to-morrow? Well, bon voyage!"

Mr. Frost walked away briskly. Barletti remained in the doorway of the hotel. He stood there pondering with an unlit cigar in his hand; and was roused from a reverie by the consciousness that some one was behind him wanting to pass out. He looked round, and saw an officer in the uniform of the English navy.

"Pardon!" said the officer, raising his cap courteously. Barletti took off his hat.

The officer had moved away a few paces, when he stopped, came back, and said in French: "Excuse me, but are you staying at this hotel?"

"No. I came here merely to see a friend."

"Then you don't happen to know whether there is any one of that name here?" said the officer, showing a card with an English name on it. "The porter is very surly, or very stupid. I can make nothing of him. But I have an idea that my friend must be here, if I could but get at him."

Barletti good-naturedly went into the porter's little glass den, and began to speak in voluble Neapolitan to a man who was doing duty there. He proved to be the porter's deputy, that chief functionary being absent temporarily from his post.

"If you don't mind waiting a few minutes," said Barletti, returning to the doorway, "the porter will be back. That fellow knows nothing; understands only two words of French, and won't confess his ignorance. I have rated him in the strongest vernacular."

The officer made his acknowledgments, offered Barletti a light for his cigar, and waited beside him for the porter's return.

"You have had some friends of mine visiting the squadron this morning," said Barletti, glancing curiously at the square-jawed, smooth-shaven face of the sailor, who stood there with a certain massive imperturbability.

"Indeed? This morning?"

"Is your ship the *Furieux?*"

"The *Furibond*, yes. Do you mean that the lady and gentleman who were aboard the *Furibond* this morning are friends of yours?"

"The gentleman is old and feeble?"

"Yes; not so very old, perhaps, but awfully shady and used up."

"The lady young and beautiful?"

"Magnificently handsome."

"Yes, yes. Oh, I know them well. I was surprised to see him out so early."

"I suppose he thought there was no time to be lost. Besides, it is customary with us to manage these matters so that they shall be over before twelve o'clock."

"Before twelve? I had no idea that that was a rule in your navy."

"Oh, not exclusively in the navy," answered the officer, smiling a little.

"How? I don't understand."

"Afloat or ashore, marriages take place with us before twelve at noon."

"*Marriages!*"

The amazement in Barletti's face was so deep and genuine that the officer stared in his turn.

"Did you not know?" he said. "I thought you told me that the bride and bridegroom were friends of yours?"

"The—the—bride and—? Oh, it must be a mistake. I was speaking of the lady and gentleman who were rowed ashore at that landing-place, not a quarter of an hour ago, in a little boat."

"To be sure! I was steering. I am ashore on leave."

"He is an Englishman—a rich—"

"Sir John Gale."

"Sir John. And they were, you say—?"

"They were married by our chaplain. The old boy—the baronet, I mean—was not strong enough to take the journey to Florence, where they might have been married before the British minister. So, as he knows Captain Burr, he got him to allow the ceremony to take place aboard the *Furibond*. The young lady has the prospect of a speedy widowhood before her, it seems to me."

Barletti had felt like a man groping in a mist. Now, the last words of the Englishman came like a sudden ray clearing the dim confusion. They suggested a pathway for his conjectures to follow; whereas, before, all had been blank and formless. His first and most imperative impulse was to get away and think of what he had heard, alone. He touched his hat hastily in farewell salutation to the officer, hailed an empty fiacre that was passing, and jumped into it.

The driver, with that penury of articulate speech and abundance of gesticulation which characterizes the lower Neapolitans, asked in dumb show which direction he was to drive in.

"Any where," said Barletti, throwing himself back on the seat. "To—to—the Villa Reale. Drive on till I stop you!"

ARGUING THE POINT.

OUR engraving on page 21 furnishes an amusing illustration of the Irishman's proverbial fondness for argument. He is always ready to talk on any subject; and, as a general rule, his loquacity increases in exact proportion to his ignorance. Witty, ingenious, and imaginative, he rarely lets an opponent of another nationality get the better of him; while an argument with a brother Irishman is literally a contest of Greek against Greek, from which both generally retire victorious, unless, as is sometimes the case, the war of words ends in a set-to with cudgels, when the hardest head still wins the day. The scene of our picture is the interior of an Irish ale-house; and the argument appears to be between the old village schoolmaster and a well-to-do but chronically-disaffected tenant-farmer, who never has far to go in search of grievances. He appears to be "terribly in earnest," and to be getting the better of the mild old gentleman sitting opposite, who looks over his spectacles with an air of benign perplexity; while a third party, evidently impatient at being counted out in the argument, lays his hand on the speaker's arm in the hope of interrupting him a moment, and getting a word in edgewise. Even the barefooted waiter-girl stops to listen on her way to the kitchen, her attitude and the turn of her head expressing intense interest and curiosity. We are left in doubt as to the point of the argument; but whatever it may be, we may be sure that the sturdy farmer has his own mind made up on the subject, and that nothing the mild old gentleman can say will change his opinion in the least.

ENNUI.

"ENNUI" is enumerated by Dr. Noirot among things eminently destructive of life. We have scarcely its equivalent in the English language; but it is idleness in youth, surfeit in the adult, weariness and despair in old age. Whatever induces moral depression is as baneful to existence as that which induces physical depression. Firmness of will is, therefore, one of the most powerful sanitary means. The seven cardinal virtues were faith, hope, charity, temperance, justice, and *force*. The seven mortal sins, pride, avarice, idleness, luxury, envy, anger, and gluttony. The one are favorable to long life, the other fatal to it. The force of the will, by giving a high tone to the more noble faculties of the soul, strengthens the principle of life, and enables both mind and body to resist all that is pernicious and hurtful to it. Fear or indecision, on the other hand, delivers it up helpless to the enemy. Energy in doing good is still more sustaining than even strength of will devoted to mere selfish ends. It is the feeling which enables a medical man to perform his duties with cheerfulness and impunity in time of pestilence and plague. Fabrizzi, afflicted by a fatal complaint, withdrew to the country to die. A family of peasants supplicated his aid in the case of a disastrous accident, and their gratitude was so lively and sincere for the cure effected, that the physician felt that if his life was not utterly useless, he had no right to abstract it from that of others. He resumed his labors, recovered his health, and lived to a good old age. Barthez, Foderé, and Hufeland, all believed that great power of will could induce prolongation of life. It is certainly powerful to relieve. Kant used to say that most nervous disorders are due to idleness and mental inertia. Many conditions of debility, discomfort, distress, and sickness arise, indeed, from mere fretful and cowardly giving way to corporeal sensations. The great French Revolution roused many poor, sickly, and languishing persons to health and activity.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THERE is no more appropriate New-Year's gift than some one of the exquisite volumes now offered to the public, in which real literary and artistic merit are happily combined. The most fastidious purchaser can not complain of the fine illustrated books produced in this country. Some imported works are more elaborately finished, it is true, in splendid and costly bindings, the result of patient hand-labor. But a little examination of the volumes, which at this holiday season are spread out in the sales-rooms of our book-stores, will cause every one to feel exceedingly well satisfied with American achievements in this department. The literary atmosphere of these rooms is delightful; and since in these days, when of making many books there is no end, no one, be he ever so devouring a book-worm, can hope to read one-half the current literature, the next best thing is to see the new books, to glance over the table of contents; or, if not so much as that is possible, at least to get a glimpse of the outsides. If you can not do even the latter, get a good general catalogue or publisher's circular, and you will keenly enjoy reading over the titles of new books with the brief notice usually appended. It will be as entertaining as a novel—if you are fond of knowing what is going on in the literary world.

When Thackeray died it was generally supposed that his daughters were left with very insufficient means of support. In this belief, Messrs. Smith & Elder, Thackeray's publishers, sent to them a check-book, with every check signed, for them to fill up as their wants should require. It afterward proved that the father left his daughters a competency.

Paul du Chaillu is making for himself a host of friends among the young folks. And we fancy a good many "children of older growth" will confess to reading "Lost in the Jungle," his latest work, with keen interest. The graphic narrative is most entertaining, and every boy will draw a sigh of regret when he reaches the last page.

The immense collection of paintings belonging to the estate of Thomas Thompson, Esq., late of Boston, will not be exhibited in that city, but are now being arranged to be sent to this city. They will be brought here some time in January, and after being exhibited to the public will be sold at auction.

The new Brooklyn Market is built of Philadelphia brick with Nova Scotia stone trimmings. It has a frontage of 135 feet on Adams Street, and contains eighty-eight stalls, which are handsomely finished. There is a comfortable restaurant attached to the building, and the upper stories are to be fitted up as a ball-room.

Last winter the course of scientific lectures delivered under the auspices of the American Institute was most favorably received by the public. The lectures this year promise to be equally interesting. The names of Professor J. C. Draper, Professor Bascom, of Williams College, Dr. Gould, of Cambridge, and Professor Newberry, of Columbia, who are the lecturers for January, are a sufficient guaranty. The subjects are: "The Air and Respiration;" "The Connection of Natural Science and Mental Philosophy;" "The Constitution of the Sun;" and "The Colorado Plateau, its Cañons and Ruined Cities." The lectures occur on Friday evenings, at the Cooper Union.

Except to the jovial school-boy, and to the few young folks who indulge not only the wish but the expectation of a jolly sleigh-ride, snow in New York is generally regarded as a nuisance. So, indeed, it does seem in our crowded streets. But on the fields the fleecy snow is a protective covering to tender plants that would without it perish. In many sections of the country winter grain could not be cultivated without snow to protect the crops from the frost. Snow is also a valuable fertilizer, which thrifty farmers appreciate.

"Madame How and Lady Why" is the title of a forthcoming work of Charles Kingsley's.—Tennyson's new work is a second series of the "Idylls of the King."—A French translation of the complete works of Longfellow will shortly be published in Paris.—George Cruikshank is illustrating John B. Gough's book for the English market.—Two peculiar and valuable books have recently appeared in the foreign market—one a "New Syntax of the Chinese Language," the other an "Icelandic-English Dictionary."—A Japanese History of the British Parliament has been published in Japan.

Some enterprising Englishmen have purchased a large steamer and fitted her up with stalls for 1000 head of cattle, and she is now reported on her way to Indianola, Texas, to receive a cargo of Texas beef on the hoof. The intention is to supply the English market with good beef—that commodity so dear to the genuine English heart and palate—at a price within the reach of people of moderate means.

"The Birth-place of Whittier" is a new chromo just published, which will be likely to be a favorite, especially among the admirers of the poet. The original painting is by Thomas Hill. Another new chromo is from J. G. Brown's picture entitled "Why Don't He Come?" The fine effects of light and shade, so marked in the original, are admirably reproduced. Among other new chromos are "Sunset on the Coast," "Launching of the Life-Boat," "A Family Scene in Pompeii," "Rock of Ages," "Hope," and "Charity."

The progress of the age is indicated by the acumen of juvenile critics:

"Ma," said a three-year-old boy, "what is Mr. ——'s baby doing?" He pointed to the chromo of "Magdalena."

"She's reading," said the mother.

"No, she isn't," responded the boy.

"What do you think she is doing, then?" asked the mother.

"She's crying because Mr. —— won't buy her any clothes!"

A new and effectual remedy for small-pox is now universally adopted in the English army in China, and is regarded as a perfect cure. When the preceding fever is at its height, and just before the eruption appears, the chest is rubbed with croton oil and tartaric ointment. This causes the whole of the eruption to appear on that part of the body, to the relief of the rest. It also secures a full and complete eruption, and thus prevents the disease from attacking the internal organs.

Woman suffrage in Wyoming is established by the following act:

"Every woman of the age of twenty-one years, residing in this Territory, may, at every election to be holden under the laws thereof, cast her vote. And her rights to the elective franchise and to hold office shall be the same under the election laws of the Territory as those of male electors."

The opposers of woman's rights say that there are seven sisters who are enfranchised by this act, and that they are all "on the stump" for Congress!

"Rock Cream" is warmly recommended—perhaps we should more correctly say *coolly* recommended—as an ornamental and delicious dish for the table. This is the mode of preparing it:

Boil a tea-cupful of the best rice till quite soft in new milk, sweeten with powdered loaf-sugar, and pile it up on a dish. Lay on it in different places square lumps of either currant jelly or preserved fruit; beat up the whites of five eggs to a stiff froth, with a little powdered sugar, and flavor with orange-flower water or vanilla. Add to this, when beaten very stiff, about a table-spoonful of rich cream, and drop it over the rice.

The meaning of the names given to some of our tea brands may not be generally known. "Hyson" means "before the rains," that is, early in the spring; hence it is often called "Young Hyson." "Hyson Skin" is composed of the refuse of other kinds, the native term for which is "tea skins." "Bohea" is the name of the hills in the region in which it is collected. "Pecoe," or "Pecco," means white hairs, the down of tender leaves. "Pouchong" means folded plant; "Souchong," small plant. "Twankey" is the name of a small river in the region from whence it is brought. "Congo" is from a term signifying labor, from the care required in its preparation.

Among the follies of the day may be mentioned a race-waltz which recently took place at a ball in Pittsburg. A gold ring was offered as a prize to the couple who should outwaltz all competitors. At midnight a dozen couples started off gayly; at one only three remained on the floor, and at two one of these gave up. At the end of the fourth hour blood began to trickle from the ends of the violinists' fingers; but still the dance continued. At three minutes past four one of the ladies fainted, and immediately afterward her partner followed her example, when the prize was presented to the winners amidst the tumultuous applause of the spectators. The foolish quartette, more dead than alive, were carried to their homes, with their limbs swelled up to an enormous size. All the four are now said to be in a precarious condition.

The radical signification of *étiquette* is a *ticket*. But as an adopted English word it means the code or rule of good-manners. Formerly, on cards of invitation, rules or instructions were given as to how the persons invited were expected to behave; or, in other words, they were furnished with a programme of the proceedings. From this custom it is said that the word has come to bear its present acceptation. It is a curious study to go back to the derivation of words, and see how far some of them have diverged from their original meaning.

A labyrinth of telegraph wires extends over housetops in some parts of New York city. Two hundred lines converge here from abroad, and seventy-five telegraph offices are scattered over the city, which give employment to two hundred and fifty operators.

THE LATE EDWIN M. STANTON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY AND CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.]

THE LATE EDWIN M. STANTON.

THIS eminent statesman and patriot, whose great services during the most trying period of our history have entitled him to the nation's lasting gratitude, died at Washington, D. C., on the morning of December 24. He was known to be in a delicate state of health, brought on by exacting labors in the War Department, and the intelligence of his decease was not altogether unexpected.

The record of Mr. STANTON's life is honorable alike to himself and the nation which he served so faithfully and so well. He was born in 1815, in the village of Steubenville, Ohio; studied a year at Kenyon College in 1833; served as a bookseller's clerk at Columbus, while studying law; was admitted to the bar in 1836, and began the practice of his profession in Harrison County, where he soon acquired a high reputation for ability in the argument of abstruse questions of law, as well as for success with juries. He also became known as an active politician of the Democratic school, of which Senators ALLEN and TAPPAN were leaders in that State. In 1848 he removed to Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, and thence, in 1857, transferred his residence to the National Capital, where his ability in the management of cases arising under the patent laws brought him constant and lucrative practice.

Until the troublous times of rebellion and secession came upon the nation, Mr. STANTON was chiefly known as a successful lawyer and energetic political partisan. The people at large had little knowledge of him until he was called, toward the close of President BUCHANAN's term of office, to take the post of Attorney-General, vacated by Mr. BLACK, who had succeeded General CASS as Secretary of State. In this position he was associated with Judge HOLT, Secretary of War, and General DIX, Secretary of the Treasury; and it was chiefly owing to the patriotism and energy of these three men that the country was not involved in total ruin before the inauguration of Mr. LINCOLN relieved the country of an imbecile President. Mr. STANTON's eminent services in that trying time were well known to Mr. SEWARD and other leaders of the Republican party, with whom he was brought into close and intimate relations; and upon Mr. CAMERON's retirement from the post of Secretary of War, in President LINCOLN's Cabinet, about a month before the capture of Fort Donelson revived the drooping spirit of the North, Mr. STANTON was chosen to succeed him; not only on account of the ability previously displayed in dealing with secession, but also because it was thought desirable to give a prominent part in the work of the Administration to some representative man of the war Democrats, who were nobly sustaining the President in his efforts to maintain the integrity of the Union.

At this time Mr. LINCOLN and Mr. STANTON were known to each other by reputation only; and their first meeting took place when Mr. STANTON called at the White House to receive his commission. But from that day until the President was stricken down by the hand of the assassin, the intimacy between these two remarkable men was distinguished by a cordiality and confidence such as history rarely records. While Mr. LINCOLN was scarcely ever seen at the other executive departments, he was a constant visitor at the War Office. His tall, spare form, wrapped in his familiar gray shawl, was usually seen making its way along the back alley that leads there from the White House at from nine to ten o'clock in the morning, or about four in the afternoon; and persons who were admitted to see the Secretary in his private rooms at these hours would often find the President stretched out upon a sofa there, as if the discussion between him and Mr. STANTON had not yet been concluded. How well founded was the confidence reposed in his integrity and ability was proved by the manner in which the Secretary discharged his duties when the awful ca-

tastrophe that robed the nation in mourning, for a brief space of time left the affairs of government entirely in his hands.

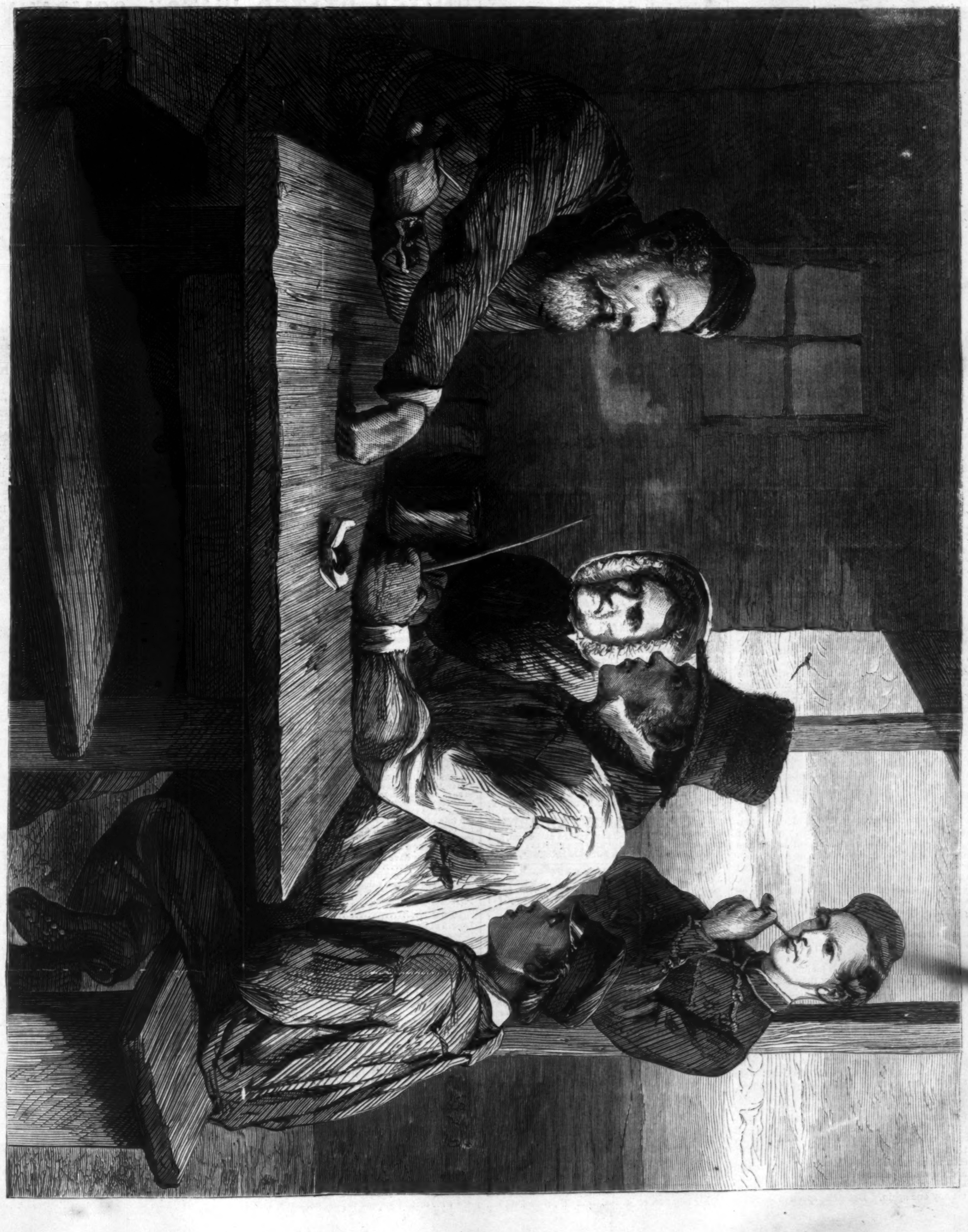
Of his history while in control of the War Department, of his tireless energy and pre-eminent ability in the management of the momentous trust committed to his charge, we have not space, nor is it necessary, to speak in detail. His record is written in the heart of the people, and it is not left for history to do his memory justice. Nor is it necessary to dwell at length on his course during the contest between Congress and President Johnson on the question of reconstruction, which resulted in his retirement from the post which he had filled with such great ability and honor. The facts of this memorable struggle are too fresh in the public mind to require repetition here. He finally retired from the War Department in June, 1868, on the acquittal of President Johnson, and since that time has held no public office. A short time since he was nominated by President Grant to a position on the Supreme Bench of the United States, and was confirmed by the Senate, only a few days before his death, by a vote of forty-six to eleven.

In person Mr. Stanton was of heavy frame, broad-shouldered, and about five feet eight inches in height. When in health his features were round and full; his complexion was rather sallow, and his hair dark though thin. Though his ordinary expression was thoughtful, absorbed, and even stern, especially when he was occupied with important affairs, his smile was sweet and winning, and among friends his manners were gentle and engaging.

Mr. Stanton was twice married. His second wife, who survives him, was Miss Ellen Dickenson, of Pittsburg. He has four children: a son of some thirty years, by his first marriage; and one son and two daughters by the second.

HOME FROM THE WARS.

On this page we give an engraving, from a picture by the eminent English artist, Mr. George Thomas, representing a soldier lad, "home from the wars," narrating his adventures to his old father and mother, while his little brother listens, with eyes and mouth wide open, to the exciting story; and a regimental chum stands by, ready, if necessary, to corroborate his comrade's statements. The old farmer appears to be scarcely less interested than the little boy in the story—it may be of the Crimean or the Indian war; while the mother wears a look of calm contentment on her wrinkled face. She evidently cares more to have her boy back again safe and honored than to hear of the dangers and adventures through which he has passed. Not but that she is proud of him in his smart uniform and jaunty cap; and perhaps affectionately thinks of the difference between him and the rustics of his own age who have remained at home; for, after all that may be said against wars from a humanitarian point of view, it can not be denied that military discipline and the uniform do a great deal for a man. Our soldierly friend in the picture, with his big beard, his intelligent face, upright bearing, and frank, manly mien, was once probably a clumsy rustic, honest and good-hearted, but not overburdened with intelligence. It was a good day for him when he enlisted, and was sent off to fight the rebels in India or the Russians in the Crimea. Military drill and discipline and hard service have "made a man of him," as the drill-sergeants say, with justifiable pride in their profession. Our own recent war furnished thousands of incidents like this, and the truth and naturalness of our picture will be felt in many American households that still remember the happy day of proud rejoicing when the son and brother "came home from the wars."



HOME FROM THE WARS.—[From a Painting by George Thomas.]

THE SIREN.

"O MARINER, O mariner,
Oh, turn thy bark to land;
O weary, weary mariner,
Look on this pleasant strand!
Full of death the wide seas roll
Still between thee and thy goal.
Here on this Elysian shore
I will sing such songs to thee,
That thou never, never more
Shalt know toil or misery.

"O mariner, O mariner!
The tempest broodeth black,
O weary, weary mariner,
About thy onward track.
Here no cloud of sorrow flies
O'er joy's ever-crystal skies.
Here on this Elysian shore
I will sing such songs to thee,
That thou never, never more
Shalt know toil or misery.

"Here, mariner, O mariner!
Is life without a tear;
Here, weary, weary mariner,
Is life without a fear.
Here ambition never frets,
And hope e'en to hope forgets.
Here on this Elysian shore
I will sing such songs to thee,
That thou never, never more
Shalt know toil or misery.

"Here, mariner, O mariner!
Nor honor, love, nor care;
Here, weary, weary mariner,
Nor trouble nor despair
Can with hollow echoes roll
Through the self-sufficient soul.
Here on this Elysian shore
I will sing such songs to thee,
That thou never, never more
Shalt know toil or misery."

"O Siren fair, O Siren false!
God's finger beckoneth me,
O Siren fair, O Siren false!
Across the stormy sea.
Peace dwells upon the mounting wave
More than in the living grave—
Grave of thy Elysian shore,
Death in life is life with thee;
Hearts outlive the tempest's roar,
Not thy false felicity."

GHOSTS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

WE shall appreciate more thoroughly the vast difference which has grown up between the genuine old ghost and the shadowy phantom to which he has now dwindled down, if we consider the means which were commonly adopted to get rid of each of them when the supernatural presence became insufferable. The average ghost of later times is a wicked soul that has escaped from its place of punishment, and has come back to trouble the living with merely spiritual terror; and he is encountered with the weapons of the exorcist, who raises about him a devotional and uncongenial atmosphere from which the evil being is glad to retreat even to his penal fires. A very different line of conduct was adopted toward the ghost of old. He was of the earth earthy, and so strictly local a personage, that it was as much the recognized duty of the landlord to see that a tenement was free from ghosts as that it was wind and water tight. "There is a ghost about the premises," said a farmer to his landlord one morning in the year of grace 1010; "he has killed a good many of my cattle, and one or two men; and folks think he will be the ruin of the whole country-side: if I can not get something done for me, I must throw up the farm." When the landlord heard this, says the old sagaman, he did not see his way out of the difficulty. If he was unequal to the task, the obligation devolved upon the lord of the manor, as the lawful authority who was responsible for the orderly state of the country. The way in which he proceeded to abate the nuisance varied with the habits and temper of the intruder. In the case of a tolerably reasonable ghost, the representative of public order would expostulate, pointing out the illegality of his conduct in coming out of his grave every night with a crew of dead men, and establishing himself before the fire in a house in which he had only a life interest which had now determined; and the ghost has been known to rejoin, "Well, we will go. I thought all along we had no business here"—an amount of law-abidingness which was not invariably displayed by the living Northman. But if, as usually happened, arguments were thrown away, somebody was obliged to undertake the more dangerous business of putting him out bodily, like any other trespasser; and old sea-rovers were fond of boasting to their juniors of the spectres which in their young days they had brought to book. But if after such a forcible ejection he would not be quiet in his grave, but prowled round the homestead, threw the shepherd over a cliff on a frosty evening, or on winter nights made such ghostly sounds outside the house as drove men mad, the family would at last make up their minds to lay him at once and forever. Now he could exist so long only as those objects were still in being in which he took delight: if these, therefore, came to an end, he perished with them. Thus nobler ghosts live on while their family flourishes, and bewail its impending ruin as their own extinction. If the departed have been violently attached to some piece of property, let the treasure be destroyed, and the spectre will be seen no more. If the dead man has been a base and degraded being, let his body be dug up and burned to ashes, and the ghost shall never trouble any one again. But some spectres there are which never can be effectually laid. If a man has been deeply skilled in forbidden arts, which he has exercised only to the injury of his fellow-creatures—if he can chant a song which drives his enemy to sleeplessness, to madness, or to death, or if his evil-eye can burn up the grass—the ghost of such a one will not perish with the body; for what the living man most loved is mischief; and although his corpse may be burned or buried in a pathless moor, or deep below the sea, "some *wicked* spirit still pervades the spot," and makes the neighborhood terrible forever.

The ancient ghost delighted in skulls, winding-sheets, and charnel-houses, haunted the scenes of former joys and crimes, could not cross a running stream, and so loved darkness that it swooned at the light of a torch. All this was very reasonable; for it had no new home in another world, was merely a fresh combination of earthly material, and derived much of its power from an unholy alliance with monsters who dwelt in caves, shunning the light of the sun, lest they should be turned into stone—a calamity which befell many a loitering elf. But matters do not stand thus with the modern ghost: the bodiless spirit which hankers after the foul prison from which it has been set free, which appears to be still subject to the laws of matter, or which condescends to restrict its visits to

The silent, solemn hour
When night and morning meet,

is plainly acting on no principle at all, but is only observing old forms from which life is departed, and is as unreal a being as the man in armor at the lord mayor's show. All his trappings had a formidable meaning once, but no one fears the obsolete creature now; and only antiquaries can guess the object of the stage-properties in which he is arrayed.

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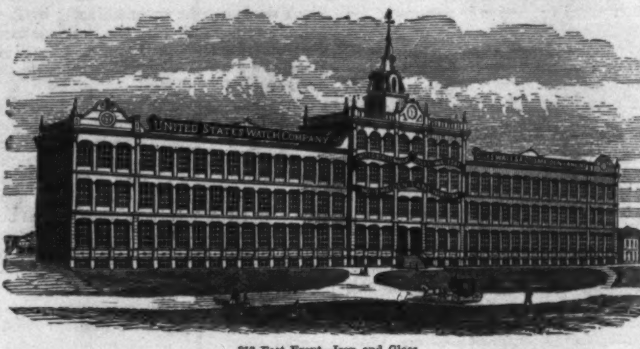

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